PULITZER PRIZES OF 1942

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. XXV NO. 19 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

My 11 '42

Words, Words, Words

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"
By Franz Werfel
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant

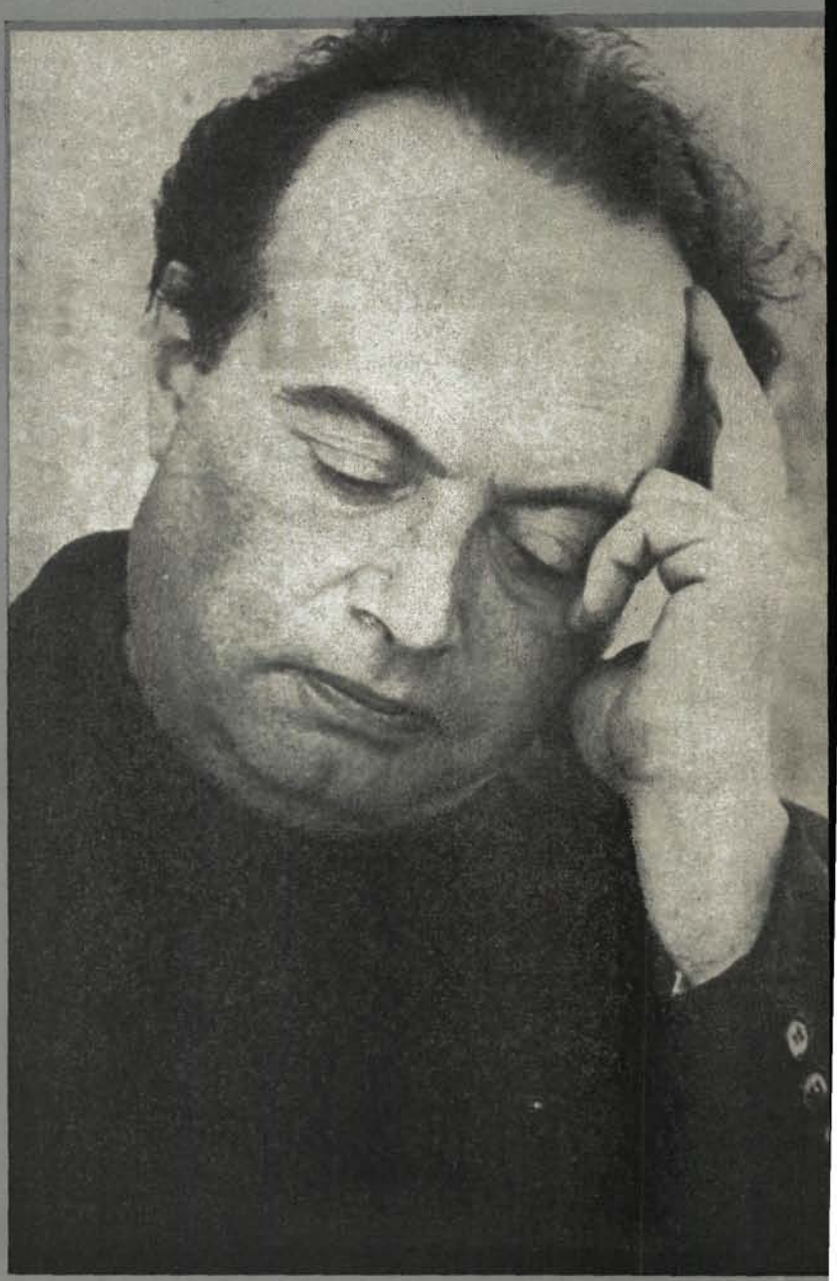
"FREDERICK THE GREAT"
By Pierre Gaxotte
Translated by R. A. Bell
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

"THE ROAD WE ARE TRAVELING 1914-42"
By Stuart Chase
Reviewed by Charlton Ogburn

"CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM"
By Sholem Asch
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

"A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS"
By Virginia Sorensen
Reviewed by Wallace Stegner

"THE CHILDREN"
By Nina Fedorova
Reviewed by Amy Loveman



In "The Song of Bernadette," Franz Werfel conveys the "feeling of the unlimited might of the human spirit." *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECOMMENDED

as fine fiction . . .

it is an expertly woven story of a woman's love that was called upon to bear the ultimate in romantic sacrifice.

RECOMMENDED

as thrilling adventure . . .

so filled with homely, everyday detail of raw Western frontier life that, for once, that life becomes PERSONAL

AND NEVER YIELD

By Elinor Bryor

RECOMMENDED as Americana:

. . . this truly gripping story of an episode in American history of which little has been written and that little so often distorted; the early days of the Mormons in Kansas and the removal to Nauvoo. $2.75

WIND BEFORE RAIN

By John D. Weaver

"Steeped in beauty that is root-deep, this is a first novel that heralds a rare talent. Mr. Weaver tells a story which holds the reader both for its manner of telling, and for the human conflict he explores."
New York Times

"A beautiful work, authentic and full of finest understanding."
Thomas H. Benton

$2.50

ONLY ONE STORM

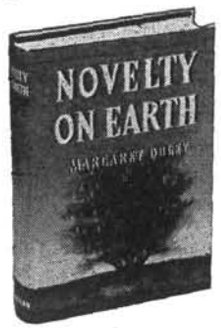
By Granville Hicks

"I suggest this is the important American novel of the year. It is as fine a one in all the essentials—story, people, style, meaning and significance—as we are likely to have in many moons."
$2.75 *New York Herald Tribune*

NOVELTY ON EARTH

By Margaret Duley

A novel concerned with adult love, close-companioned and profound, between a man and woman of widely divergent worlds; a story that touches all the problems of great lovers provocatively, and seems to suggest a romantic fourth dimension.



Readers of Miss Duley's "Highway to Valour" will record another surprise. $2.50

The Macmillan Company, New York

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG

The Saturday Review of Literature

Words, Words, Words

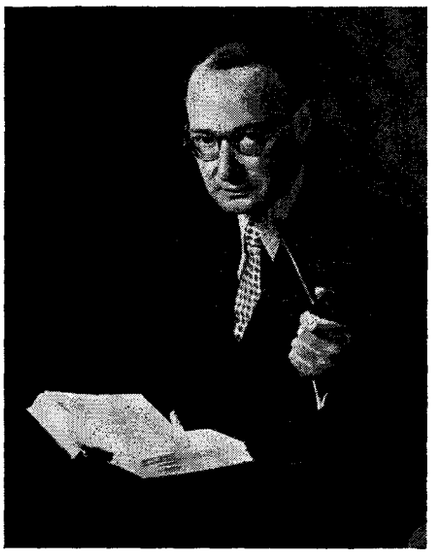
R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE GIFT OF TONGUES. By Margaret Schlauch. New York: Modern Age Books. 1942. 342 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

HOW TO READ A PAGE. By I. A. Richards. New York: W. W. Norton. 1942. 246 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

"WHAT do you read, my lord?" asked an early professor of semantics, and the impatient artist ungraciously replied, "Words, words, words!" That's the devil of it—poet, novelist, essayist, prophet, historian, and all liars have to use words. It's true that style, as well as speech, may have gestures to help out the words; but one's audience may mistake the meaning of the gestures as well as of the words. The poet has a meaning, probably; but who's to know whether his hearer or readers catch it? "O Rose, thou art sick!" cries the poet, and a devoted member of a garden club looks round for an antidote against green fly, or lights a disinfecting cigarette. Whether Euclid saw beauty plain or not, I would not know; nor whether what he saw is beauty: but his book is certainly the one great classical work, the meaning of which is clear, into whatever language it be translated.

"Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee,—thou art translated," cries Quince the carpenter—a man of a craft skilled in translation: and in that word, translation, surely is found the mystery of all the art of words. Not only is poetry, and all other imaginative literature, translation; so is the most ordinary use of words. By speech we try to express thought, fancy, imagination, emotion—and in the act of expression thought is changed, translated. Those who hear or read the words must translate again, before the meaning behind the words can be grasped. There is, can be, no guarantee that the truth has been communicated: for the expression, however brilliant its author, can never be the truth. The object of acceptance, in art as in theology, is not the formula, but the thing formulated; our expressions of the thing, whether in paint, marble, wood, musical sound, or words are but "figures of the true."



I. A. Richards

Today I doubt if any first-rate man of science would claim, as was commonly claimed in the nineteenth century, any greater validity for scientific expression than for artistic; though popularly "science" is still given a respect not accorded to the arts. The truth of art differs from the truth of science; but each has this in common, that it must suffer, and suffer from, translation. "Words, words, words." However a good deal of the modern trouble over semantics is due to the fact that some students have demanded from literature the same kind of truth that is given us in science. It would be very unfair to suggest that Dr. I. A. Richards falls into this error; but I can never read his books and keep free from the suspicion that he suffers from an itch to tidy literature up—and to do so for his sake rather than for art's. In his approach to poetry he is kind but a little stern; some pages in his earlier books on poetry are like nothing so much as a cold and cautious courtship by a member of the Eugenics Society, only too aware that he has been rash in falling for the charms of this lovely girl of rather doubtful origin. Dr. Richards does not give me the same impression as do some of his colleagues at Cambridge (Cambridge, England, let me add hastily). I never feel he loathes imaginative literature; but I do think he has a tutorial distrust of its attraction for him. In this new book, however, that distrust is not important; what is important is the obscurity of his style.

It is well-known that directly a man starts to write on meaning, on clarity, on the nice use and arrangement of words, he is doomed to produce some fine confused specimens of muddled expression. (The careful reader will certainly find far too many examples in this article.) But Dr. Richards has been very unlucky in "How to Read a Page." I have culled a few sentences where he leaves his meaning vague.

> No one can understand poetry well whose mind cannot take in the prose of discussion and necessary business.

"Take in the prose of necessary business"? or take in necessary business?

> But what is this experience which gives some men so much and others so little? It is not having many things happen to one merely.

Now what does "merely" qualify? Does Dr. Richards mean that a man's experience includes what happens to other people? Or does he mean that a man's own experience is not confined to *what* happens?

Lastly in his discussion on the meaning of the word Love Dr. Richards indulges in a glaring *non sequitur*. He is discussing Agape as the rival concept of the Platonic Eros. He writes " 'dyatn', standing for what it is tempting to call *the* Christian conception of love. But we should not call it that—since, from the earliest days of Christianity, this word has been the focus of a tremendous struggle to reconcile what have seemed to most people at most times to be opposite senses of Give and Get. The history of Christian dogma is the record of this intellectual-moral struggle."

Now I am not concerned with Dr. Richards's view of the history of Christian dogma. I only wish to point out the mental confusion shown in his statement that we must not speak of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a particular concept of Love as the Christian conception, if theologians have differed in their statements of the doctrine. The conception of the Atonement is Christian, however much its doctrinal statements have differed from one another. The same is true of the Christian concept of Love.

I agree with a great deal in "How to Read a Page." I particularly welcome Dr. Richards's attack on the modern fad of quick reading. In his choice of key words, and the subsequent discussion of some of them, there is much sound and careful analysis. Occasionally Dr. Richards is a little insensitive to verbal niceties, and so makes difficulties: for instance in his lively comments on Make, Get, and Give there are some odd locutions. Take this note on Get:

> But Get can be a very aggressive word: "Hitler got Crete quickly." Ordinarily it implies some trouble —as when one gets there at last. The two senses are illustrated in "She will get dinner and then we'll get our dinners."

That last example is possible; but I think most people would say "then we'll have our dinners."

DR. RICHARDS'S object in this book is to make reading more intelligent, more productive of mental and imaginative enjoyment. What do we expect when we read a book? Dr. Richards rightly cites as the capital vice of reading "the expectation that everything should be easily understood." He says more doubtfully, that "the writer should, of course, have done his utmost to make things easy for us"—that might imply that an author should arrange that his readers do not exercise their mental muscles at all. And then comes the comment, the writer "could have had nothing (could he?) more important than that to do." (Or is there irony in that "could he?") No words can be strong enough for one to repudiate the heresy that an artist cannot function except in a society and with an audience; but it is absurd to suggest that an artist is, while he is creating, conscious of the needs of his audience. Communication may be historically, anthropologically primary to the artist; psychologically it is always secondary except—and God forbid I should say a word in their dispraise!—for those artists whose main object is entertainment. The artist's first aim is expression—of his idea of beauty, truth, or what have you; a necessary condition of that expression is communication. Or, to put it differently: the artist is the common man *in excelsis*; every common man wants to be loved, and then doesn't mind being understood. But how repugnant when some one who doesn't love you has the infernal gall to understand you! For you know, in your bones, he has overlooked something without which you cannot be understood. Dr. Richards and his school seem to me to forget this; they want to understand before they love: and to such the arts can never yield their mystery.

The truth is, of course, Dr. Richards's heart is already given away for keeps. No decent man would mock at the passionate affection he devotes to that thin-shanked, flat-chested, peering-eyed, white-faced little bastard, Pigeon—I beg pardon—Basic English. It is a great love story. History will tell how Dr. Richards's friend, C. K. Ogden, found, cossetted, cleaned up, and dressed that waif of the eight-hundred and fifty movements. Alas! love for such a one, even a noble love, does blind a man to more robust, more imaginative charms. One "gets" so that a deformity is needed before beauty is "admitted." Dr Richards is not one of the fanatics who would take the girl anywhere, claim she can outshine any of the more regular lovelies. But he is not free from the enthusiasms common to all discoverers. He hates to go out without the brat. Basic English is the literary equivalent of the Ham and Eggs scheme in politics. The mere mention of the infant drives Dr. Richards into an ecstasy of italics.

> Basic English can help *anyone* to improve his native English—to understand it and to compose it—but *not* through those of its features which are there *only for the English-speaking learners' sake.*

Pick out the features you like! Love the child not for its blank little face, or the gaps in its teeth, or the careful, stilted strut of its spancelled legs. Love it for its "features" which are there for you!

Seriously, I believe Basic English is the most useful, commercial form of Pigeon English ever likely to be invented. As a tool for literary artists it might accomplish for some authors what Cubism can do for painters—provide a tonic discipline; otherwise it is a will-o'-the-wisp; for it depends on what Dr. Richards calls "Mr. C. K. Ogden's vast researches into the substitutability of English words"—and that Snark is a Boojum. There are no substitutes for the true artist in words. There are right words and wrong words: and the luckless poet sweats blood because of his profound fear that he has not used the right words.

"Words. Words. Words." *"Le mot juste."* "The best words in their best order." " 'When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone,

(*Continued on page* 19)

THIS WEEK

Features

PAGE

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS
An Essay Review by R. Ellis Roberts of
THE GIFT OF TONGUES
By Margaret Schlauch
and
HOW TO READ A PAGE
By I. A. Richards 3

Reviews

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
By Franz Werfel
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant 5

FREDERICK THE GREAT
By Pierre Gaxotte
Translated by R. A. Bell
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 6

THE MIDDLE WATCH, *A Poem*
By William Rose Benét 7

CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM
By Sholem Asch
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 11

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND
By I. A. Bezzerides
Reviewed by Richard L. Nathan 11

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS
By Virginia Sorensen
Reviewed by Wallace Stegner 11

THE CHILDREN
By Nina Fedorova
Reviewed by Amy Loveman 12

VALIANT LIBERTINE
By John Bryson
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott 12

RAMPARTS OF THE PACIFIC
By Hallett Abend
Deviewed by Mark Gayn 13

THE DARK KINGDOM
By Kenneth Patchen
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 14

THE DEVIL'S FOOT
By Christine Weston
Reviewed by R. D. Richards 15

THE TOOLS OF WAR
By James R. Newman
Reviewed by Paul Schubert 16

THE ROAD WE ARE TRAVELING, 1914-42
By Stuart Chase
Reviewed by Charlton Ogburn 17

NO RETREAT
By Anna Rauchning
Reviewed by Robert Pick 18

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 6
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 10
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 424 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 24

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 19, May 9, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inspirational Panorama

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE. By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 575 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

IT seems hardly possible in our age of statistics, sobriety, and science to evoke the figure of a saint; to make each of us believe in happenings which took place eighty years ago in France in a place called Lourdes; to bring to life from out of the obscurity of too highly colored picture books and the tawdriness of religious article shops the true miracle which had elected Bernadette Soubirous, poorest of the poor.

It seems hardly possible to unfold the multi-dimensional panorama of Lourdes, but Franz Werfel, more inspired than in his last writings, has overcome all obstacles with the same quiet obstinacy which helped Bernadette Soubirous to pursue her path. Right from the beginning it becomes evident that Werfel is not trying to proselytize or to say that the miraculous is so remote from us as to be indescribable. He simply describes what happened to Bernadette. One day, while gathering firewood in one of the deserted grottos, she saw the Lady, white of stature and blue of gown, who smiled at her and beckoned her to come nearer. To Bernadette she was utterly real. "Drink from the spring," the Lady said, but there was no spring to be seen. The next day, the water which previously was dripping from the ceiling of the grotto, had united into a spring.

For fifteen days, obeying, Bernadette came to the grotto, knelt in front of the Lady, washed her hands, and drank of the water. By that time hundreds were watching her, hundreds of pious, simple French peasants and women who saw the girl follow the commands of an invisible presence, an expression on her face the like of which they had never seen before. They did not approach the fount—not until much later when it became apparent that the Lady wanted her followers also to drink of it and lave in its waters.

To Bernadette, as Werfel succeeds so admirably in elucidating, there was somehow nothing miraculous about the happenings. In order to appreciate the miraculous as such, says the author between the lines, one must have a conception of the non-miraculous. The girl of the poor had no such ideas or differentiations. She merely had seen the Lady, had obeyed her orders, because she was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen and because it made her blissfully happy to be with her. The Lady had entrusted her with a secret which, till the end of her days, she would reveal to nobody, and the Lady had asked for ever more penitence.

Thus far the girl had understood the Lady. But one day the Lady had said distinctly: *"Qué soi l'immaculada councepiou"* (I am the immaculate conception). When examined by the clergy, Bernadette had to repeat this phrase a thousand times. She did not know what it meant. She was interrogated again and again, implored even to confess that she had heard this expression before and attributed it to the Lady; but with a strange and clear obstinacy Bernadette denied it. The Lady had said these words, and though she, Bernadette, was only a child who had never done well in school and did not know what they meant, she was not to be talked out of it.

Father Peyramale, the "Curé" of Lourdes, was one of the many who were against Bernadette. But at the end he became her most ardent apostle. He was a sincere, deeply religious priest, who was fully aware of what it meant if the Lady had revealed herself to Bernadette. It meant that the girl was chosen, and thus excluded from the small sorrows and joys of the community. She must live in seclusion.

The bulk of the novel describes the battle, waged by the world against Bernadette. For it appears that saints were unwelcome in the France of 1860, as they are always unwelcome, at any time, to the men who govern institutions and reign over states. There are further the rationalists of this super-rationalistic epoch who deny what they can't weigh and measure; there are the hardened clerical souls who are afraid of any change in routine which would mean the loss of a wealthy parishioner,

Lourdes

and there is also the bureaucracy of France. Thousands were gathering daily in front of the grotto, and the bureaucracy objected to any unlicensed assembly on the ground that it would lead to discontent and revolution. To them the Lady was a civil case, Bernadette Soubirous a clever girl who wanted to draw attention so that her miserable family might earn a few sous.

Werfel devotes many chapters to this war between a girl of fourteen and the mighty apparatus of the French bureaucracy under Napoleon III. He is familiar with the intricate system of prefects, prosecutors, commissioners, and sub-prefects. We watch the machinery move slowly, stupidly. But the author fails in bringing to life the men who direct and serve this machinery. Whether it was intentional or not, the more he succeeds in portraying the girl Bernadette, the less convincing are her adversaries, both the laymen and the clergy. The clergy, it must be noted, are by no means easily convinced of the miracle of the grotto. But while they continue to examine and to question, hundreds of believers, diseased and suffering souls, are undertaking the pilgrimage to the grotto to drink of the spring that had healed so many.

These healings continue for years to come while Bernadette, now sister Marie Bernarde, lives quietly in the convent St. Gildarde, far away from the world, under the rigid tutelage of Sister Therese Vauzous, the stern, righteous daughter of a general. Bernadette suffers from a tuberculosis of the bones and she dies after months of extreme pain. But when someone suggests that she, herself, should go to the grotto, she simply answers: "The spring is not for me." No reason is given.

Werfel does not insist in making us believe in the healings. He only occasionally quotes some of the records, written down by physicians, complete with photographs and charts. But the accent of the book lies not on the miraculous healings nor on the war between the state and a child, nor on the future life of the Sister Marie Bernarde. What gives the book its beauty and strength is that it conveys the feeling of the unlimited might of the human spirit, the feeling that the brute forces of this planet do sometimes lose to the weak and pure who have faith.

"The Song of Bernadette" is written in a matchless prose that ranks equally with "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh." It is less monumental a task. But while the "Forty Days" were a fully orchestrated symphony, apt to overwhelm the listener, "The Song of Bernadette" enchants us with the magic of children's voices, raised in a medieval hymn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Aggressor Can Win

FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Pierre Gaxotte. Translated by R. A. Bell. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 420 pp., with index. $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THERE is no satisfactory detailed biography of Frederick in English. Carlyle's colossal life, though it is not as bad as Carlyle's detractor's make it out to be, is not the kind of book a modern reader can be expected to use. The shorter lives are now pretty well dated. The Oxford Press is therefore to be congratulated on making available in English the life of Frederick written by the modern French historian Pierre Gaxotte. The fashionable prejudice against the Third French Republic which M. Gaxotte shared with so many young French intellectuals makes his writings on the French Revolution and on Louis XV untrustworthy. Writing on Frederick the Great, however, he is surprisingly fair and trustworthy. He knows and understands eighteenth-century Germany with the thoroughness French students of things German not infrequently display; and though the Third French Republic always crops up in his studies of the First, neither the second nor third Reich comes between him and Frederick.

M. Gaxotte is interested in Frederick as a man, in his complex and contradictory personality, in the people who surrounded him—an extraordinary group—in the intrigues and gossip of the Prussian court, in the literary and artistic culture of the period. He is interested in Frederick as an administrator, and gives us in Chapter IX, "Fredericus Rex," an admirably succinct account of the minute care with which Frederick ran the huge personal estate he thought of as *his* Prussia. (He did everything himself, treating his ministers as mere mechanical servants; could Newton, he remarked, ever have discovered the law of attraction had he collaborated with Leibnitz and Descartes as equals?) M. Gaxotte is also interested in Frederick the diplomatist, and does a good job in making clear the twists and turns of European politics from 1740 to 1786. He is obviously less interested in Frederick the soldier, but even here he gives the essential facts of the military history of the time.

This is not another book running the Nazis to ground in earlier German history. M. Gaxotte is too good a historian to maintain that Frederick made Hitler inevitable. He does, however, show that Frederick did strengthen greatly the already undemocratic machinery of the Prussian state, and that he did nothing to weaken the hold the Junkers had on its social organization. And his analysis of the reasons for Frederick's success in grabbing territory from his neighbors has for us today the greatest immediate value.

Frederick the Great

Most of the great aggressors who almost built a "new order" out of Europe's system of independent states—Charles V, Louis XV, Napoleon—started out with resources greater than any two or three of their greatest competitors, resources only to be matched by a union of all Europe. Frederick, so to speak, ran up his winnings—he nearly doubled Prussian territory—on a shoestring. He inherited from his father an excellent army and a well-filled treasury. But Prussia was really a second-rate power compared with Austria, or France, or Great Britain, or even Russia. Frederick's audacity, determination, and military skill, as well as the discipline and will to fight of his soldiers, were certainly indispensable to his final victory. Even more indispensable, however, was the failure of his opponents to unite against him. As late as 1762, had Russia only stood by Austria, nothing on earth could have saved Frederick from complete destruction. But his enemy the Czaritza Elizabeth died, and her heir, Peter III, who had a childish admiration for the soldier-hero Frederick, took Russia out of the war. The moral, emphasized by the whole course of European history, is deadly clear: no aggressor can win ultimately against an effective union of all those he menaces, but even an aggressor with inferior resources of men and money can win permanently against stronger nations which fail to maintain an effective union.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

NUMBERS IN TITLES

"Many people cannot keep numbers in mind," says Miss Maria A. Loewe, of New York City. Are you one of them? Test yourself by filling in the numbers which have been omitted from the book titles listed below. (Hint: the total is 101,042,112.) Allowing 5 points for each title correctly numbered, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

a. ..... Men on a Horse, by Abbott and Holm.
b. ..... Years at Hull House, by Jane Addams.
c. ..... Cousins, by Louisa M. Alcott.
d. ..... That Were Hanged, by Leonid Andreiev.
e. ..... Pound Look, by James M. Barrie.
f. ..... Steps, by John Buchan.
g. ..... Years Before the Mast, by Richard H. Dana.
h. ..... by John dos Passos.
i. ..... Years After, by Alexandre Dumas.
j. ..... Black Pennys, by Joseph Hergesheimer.
k. ..... Men in a Boat, by Jerome K. Jerome.
l. ..... Guinea Pigs, by Kallet and Schlink.
m. ..... Years in Sing Sing, by Lewis E. Lawes.
n. ..... Pillars of Wisdom, by T. E. Lawrence.
o. ..... Days That Shook the World, by John Reed.
p. ..... Gentlemen of Verona, by William Shakespeare.
q. ..... by Booth Tarkington.
r. ..... Pound Bank Note, by Mark Twain.
s. ..... Leagues Under the Sea, by Jules Verne.
t. ..... Days of Musa Dagh, by Franz Werfel.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Middle Watch

"On the adventure of our lives"—F. DRAKE

By William Rose Benét

IT is dark now, with no moon, as they wade to the coast
with blackened faces and with oozing shoes—
as they creep up the beach, as they tense for the sudden
rivetting
of a machine-gun chattering . . .
Is it dark
aloft somewhere at twenty thousand feet?
Is the moon a lamp up there on floors of cloud
as they drone toward France?
Face of the bombardier,
of the gunner in his "greenhouse," of the young pilot . . .
Gravely they wait the moment—hear and know
only what faithful airmen know and hear . . .

But down, far down beneath them, on the Channel,
as the chop grows, and the swirling fog-wreaths change
strange craft are moving, craft that come from England,
that are not subs, destroyers, warships, cruisers
nor transports—like no modern ship of the line—
strange silhouettes and picturesque, all sailing
snug to the water, square-yarded, steep of sheer,
flying a cross of red on a white ground,
armed with old carronades, against invasion
moving dispersed . . .
And now the night-mist blurs them—
or are they only colored mist and cloud
themselves?
But I see a cabin—and a candle—
a bent and bearded man, and a quill scratching
in a light in darkness like a binnacle-lamp.
A pen scratching on parchment—a man breathing . . .

What does he write? Read it across his shoulder!

"By the Lord Howard of Effingham sent forth
with half a score of ships and pinnaces
he in the midst of the Channel, with greatest force;
I toward Ushant; and Mr. Hawkins placed
toward Scilly . . . as the Lord Admiral hath said
where are so many doubts, we must attempt
the likeliest ways . . . leave unto God at last
to direct us best . . . "

Out of your noble past,
Commandos, bombers and fighters high in air,
this first Commando, the voice of Francis Drake!

"To the Lord Henry Seymour: The army of Spain
being known as the Invincible Armada
great high-charged galleons and ships and galleys
arrived upon our coast . . . there passed between us
some common shot . . . as far as we perceive
they are determined to sell their lives with blows . . .
written aboard Her Majesty's good ship
The Revenge—off of Start—21st—late in the evening
1588. Signed by your Lordship's friend
ready to be commanded Francis Drake . . .

P. S. This letter, my Honourable Lord,
is sent in haste. The fleet of Spaniards are
somewhat above a hundred sail, and many
great ships. I think not half are men of war . . . "

You hear on high? And through the dark, Commandos
of England, do you hear?
Listen again,
for now in sixteenth century Whitehall
it is the voice of England's greatest Queen,
Elizabeth—speaking to Walsingham:

"Aye, Mr. Secretary, my good Moor
so black-avized, I vow I am mere English
yet wedded England early. So it is
even this Philip brought us not to bed
who now brings war against us, though last April
Drake singed his beard. You wrought upon us well
to article his voyage round the world!
But now we wait for news. England is ready.
The English ships are warped from Plymouth harbor.
God's winds are on the Channel. They will blow.
For in our counsels and our consultations
we have been provident and profitable.
Let tyrants fear! My body is a woman's
but I have the heart of a King—and of England too!
Prosper the work, O Lord! Yet, news—yet, news—?"

"Your humble Secretary brings you news,
Your Royal Highness . . . "

"Read then!"

"The message reads
here, in this parchment, from Sir Francis Drake
to the Secretary Walsingham:
'We have
the army of Spain before us, and we mind
with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him!
There was never any thing that liked me better
than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly
wind to the northwards . . . So God give us grace
to depend upon Him . . . so shall we not doubt
victory . . . ' "
and the reading voice is fading
of the dark Secretary—the voice of Drake
is whispering in his cabin as at first:

"Victory—for our cause is good!
So humbly
taking my leave, this last day of July
1588,
Your Honour's faithfully
to be commanded ever Francis Drake . . .

I crave pardon of Your Honour for my haste
for that I had the watch of this last night
upon the enemy."
Do you hear a drum
ruffle and roll—aloft there, bombers and fighters—
as when that first time every seashore village
sent forth its ships, long before Dunkerque sands
were red with history?
Out of your past,
over your Channel, Spitfire and Hurricane,
out of your past, Commandos, that quiet voice
with the steel in it, over the roll of the drum,
so proudly saying to England's new defenders
above a higher crescendo roar of planes,
"*Your* Honours' now—to be commanded ever!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

EDITORIAL BOARD

Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith

Norman Cousins
Executive Editor

William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Elmer Davis } *Editors*

Harrison Smith
Publisher

Copyright, 1942, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

THE PULITZER AWARDS

THERE were vigorous handsprings last Monday in the vicinity of this magazine's offices as soon as the Pulitzer Prize selections of 1942 were announced. Not once in the eighteen years since this magazine was established have the editors been so enthusiastic in their approval of the committee's choices. For the first time, as far as any of the editors can recall, they have been able to view the new selections without qualifications, without recriminations, and without regrets.

First of all, the selection of Ellen Glasgow and William Rose Benét, for fiction and poetry respectively, removes two of the most prominent items in the bill of particulars against the Pulitzer Committee that has accumulated over the years. It will be recalled that for some time *The Saturday Review* conducted a private war against the failure of the Committee to recognize a regional American artist of the calibre of Ellen Glasgow. And last year the editors defiantly but proudly struck off a special award for Miss Glasgow for her distinctive contributions to American literature. Appropriately, the Pulitzer Committee, in selecting her latest novel, "In This Our Life," called attention to her outstanding work over the years.

While we felt free in the past to clear our decks for action on behalf of Miss Glasgow, we were necessarily but unfortunately restrained in the case of Mr. Benét, in view of his association with this magazine. But now that he has received the poetry award for his "The Dust Which Is God," we need make no secret of our disappointment during all the years that the Committee seemed to be looking past a man whose genuine feeling for poetry was equalled, in our opinion, by few other living writers. There is poetic justice indeed in the present award.

Far from merely acquiescing in the remaining two awards—those for history and biography—the editors heartily endorse the Committee's choices of Margaret Leech's "Reveille in Washton," and Forrest Wilson's "Crusader in Crinoline." With the selection of these two books—both of them dealing with roughly the same period—there is no paucity of material on the Civil War on the lists of the Pulitzer Awards. Miss Leech's book deals with the Washington war years, 1861-65, and Mr. Wilson's book is a full-length portrait of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Two years ago the Committee selected, for history, Carl Sandburg's four-volume masterpiece, "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years." The year before that Robert E. Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night" won in drama. And in 1937, the general subject of the Civil War scored in both fiction and history, with Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," and Paul Buck's "The Road to Reunion"—a history of the years immediately following the Civil War. The history list over the years shows two other Civil War works. Then, of course, there is Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" in poetry. History, drama, fiction, or biography—all have their Civil War titles. All in all, there is a surprising amount of material here on Lincoln and his times considering the clause in the Pulitzer Prize specifications excluding Lincoln as a biographical subject from the awards as "too obvious."

Comparing the present selections with the nominations of the nation's book reviewers, as published several weeks ago in the annual *SRL* poll, it will be seen that the critics, too, have cause for enthusiastic support in the current list. "Reveille in Washington" was a strong favorite in history in the reviewer's poll; "The Dust Which Is God" shared first place in poetry with Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Collected Sonnets"; "Crusader in Crinoline" was in third place on a long list, behind "The Doctors Mayo," by H. B. Clapesattle, and "William Henry Welch," by Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner; and "In This Our Life" was runner-up to "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," by J. P. Marquand.

All in all, the current selections should set a high water mark in their reception by critic, press, and public.

Free Zone

By Louis Aragon
Translated by Rolfe Humphries

FAILING with sorrow, forgotten
The sound of the broken heart
Faltered, and ash was white.
I drank of the wine of summer,
I dreamed in a rosy haze
That August in Correze.

What was that sudden heavy
Sound of a sob in the garden?
A dumb reproach in the wind?
Do not wake me too soon!
Only a moment of singing;
Despair comes home from the war.

And it seemed I heard for a moment
Across the acres of wheat
The noise of the guns again
Confusion worse confounded,
Rosemary and carnation
Fresh with the odor of tears.

I have lost, but I know not how,
My agony's dark secret;
The shade, in its turn, has gone:
I intended to keep forever
This unremembering sorrow
When the dawn of September came.

My love, I was in your arms
And some one outside was singing
A strain of an old French song.
My trouble came to its senses
And the burden troubled the margin
As a bare foot stirs the water
At the edge of a deep green pool.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pulitzer Prizes of 1942

Following are brief biographies of authors whose works have been awarded the literary prizes in the 1942 *selections of the Pulitzer Committees. Only four categories are listed: fiction, biography, history, and poetry. No title was selected in drama for the second time in the history of the awards, an omission duplicated by the action of the New York's Critic's Circle.*

Poetry

THERE is a fiction to the effect that modesty demands of a family that it refrain from proclaiming its pride in the achievements of its own members. The *Saturday Review* holds not at all with this theory but rejoices openly in the bestowal of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry on its contributing editor, William Rose Benét, believing that the award, long overdue, has been made to the poet most deserving of it in the country. Born in Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, on February 2, 1886, of a family prominent in military annals, Mr. Benét after being graduated from the Sheffield School of Yale University, turned his back upon the West Point tradition and began a career which ever since, except for the interruption of the First World War when he was in the Air Service, has been devoted to literature. An assistant editor of the *Century Magazine* when he entered the Army, after demobilization he was for a short time on the *Nation's Business*. He left that journal to found with Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morley the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post* and when that paper was transformed into the *Saturday Review* became an associate editor of the latter with which he has maintained connection ever since. "The Dust Which Is God," which has brought Mr. Benét the Pulitzer award, is an autobiographical novel in verse, admirably representative of the high seriousness, the rich imagination, and the technical mastery which have characterized all his work.

The Pulitzer award adds fresh laurels to one of the most distinguished poetical families of America, a family which included in addition to Stephen Vincent Benét, whose "John Brown's Body" won the prize in 1929, and Laura Benét, the late Elinor Wylie whose brilliant talents were admired by no one more than by her husband William Rose Benét. Mr. Benét is now married to Marjorie Flack, artist and writer of books of children.

Fiction

In bestowing upon Ellen Glasgow the award for fiction the Pulitzer Committee has crowned a novelist who stands second to none in America. Born in Richmond, Va., on April 22, 1874, Miss Glasgow grew up in a society in which women were accorded homage and allowed no independence. She did, to be sure, attend the University of Virginia, but it was only gradually that she began to shake free from the conventions of her environment. With the publication in 1900 of "The Voice of the People" she entered upon the first of that series of works in which with wit, knowledge, and a beautiful grace of style she depicted a changing society in which generation was arrayed against generation and the outward aspect of the South was shown by one who loved the country to be a similacrum rather than the reality. In 1925 appeared her "Barren Ground," still in some ways her most distinguished book, and in 1925 began the series of novels ushered in by "The Romantic Comedians." In all these books and those which followed Miss Glasgow displayed a sympathetic understanding, a compassionate irony, and a gift of style which placed her in the very forefront of the writers of the country. Among her Richmond fellow citizens she has been held in esteem not only for her prowess as a writer and her brilliance of mind but for her long and devoted labors in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

History

For the first time in its history, the Pulitzer Prize has been awarded to a writer who bears the name of its founder. Margaret Leech, born in Newburgh, N. Y., November 7, 1893, was married in 1928 to the late Ralph Pulitzer to whose paper, the old *New York World,* she was a contributor. With Heywood Broun, then on the staff of that journal, she wrote a life of Anthony Comstock. "Reveille in Washington," for which she has been

(*Continued on page* 18)

THE AWARDS

BIOGRAPHY: "Crusader in Crinoline," by Forrest Wilson (Lippincott).

DRAMA: No award.

HISTORY: "Reveille in Washington," by Margaret Leech (Harpers).

FICTION: "In This Our Life," by Ellen Glasgow (Harcourt, Brace).

POETRY: "The Dust Which Is God," by William Rose Benét (Dodd, Mead).

Forrest Wilson

William Rose Benét

Margaret Leech

Ellen Glasgow

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—Here is something I read over forty years ago. I don't know who wrote it or where it was published, but it has always seemed to me to be such a perfect little piece of reporting that it deserves being reprinted.

THE ROBIN

Abstracted, contemplative air;
A sudden run and stop.
A glance, indifferent, round about,
Head poised,—another hop—
A plunge, well aimed, a backward tug,
A well resisted squirm;
Then calm indifference, as before
But Oh, Alack, the worm!

E. CARROLL SCHAEFFER.

Reading, Pa.

Thunder on the Left (?)

SIR:—Hooray! Turn out the band, and whatever other cheer-leading organizations are available. At last there has come a clear voice in the Lew Ayers mess.

For William Rose Benét's editorial of April 11th, I think all of us who believe the errors of the last war should not be repeated, must offer thanks.

With no particular respect for Ayers's position, I feel, nevertheless, that it took high moral courage to act as he did. It took high moral courage, too, for W. R. B. to speak out in meeting with the directness and honesty which he did.

We can't win this war by merely abusing those who—whatever we may feel (or think) about their personal predilections—act with forthright and determined courage. That was one of the mistakes of the last war. Let's fight this one with conviction—and the proper acknowledgment of another's convictions even if we despise them.

To which I would only add that had W. R. B. said something about the attacks on Ayers by the fanatic left press, he would also have helped. Or is the "interest of unity" today such that we can't remind these howlers-for-blood that a short year ago they would have been the loudest in their screams that Ayers was being "persecuted" for his beliefs?

WELLINGTON ROE.

New York, N. Y.

Date, Please

SIR:—I should like very much to endorse Mr. Houston Peterson's request that the day and month, as well as the year, be recorded on the Copyright Page of published books, especially those dealing with the current military, political, or economic scene.

Like Mr. Peterson, I, too, believe that at a time when events move with cyclonic speed and fury, it is only fair, to the author as well as the reader, that the precise date when the final proofs have been examined be recorded.

Will publishers please take (very quick) notice?

JACOB C. SOLOVAY.

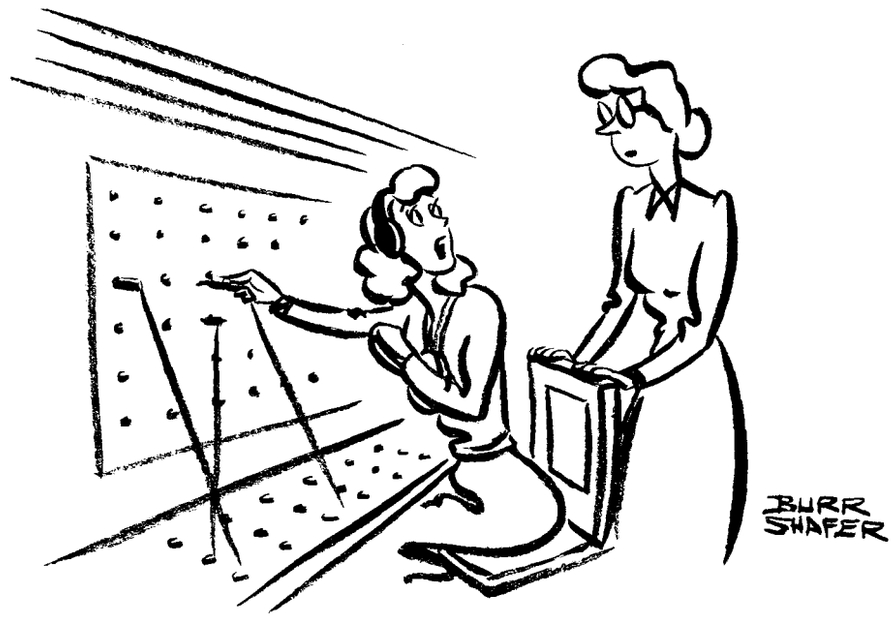
Brooklyn, New York.

SIR:—I most heartily second Houston Peterson's motion in your issue of April 11th suggesting that the publishers of all books having reference to present day events should give on their title page the date on which such books were completed; and I would extend this request to publishers of magazines, that they likewise date articles of like character in the same way.

This would be most helpful in interpreting and appraising such writings, and, as Mr. Peterson says, would be very helpful in distinguishing between fools and prophets.

WM. P. BOATWRIGHT.

142 Sutherlin Avenue
Danville, Virginia



"This must be a fifth-columnist — — he said 'V as in vanquished'!"

Stefan Zweig

SIR:—The fine editorial tribute to the late Stefan Zweig [*S.R.L.* March 14], will evoke a wide sympathetic response. Though are hearts are torn at the despairing solution attempted by the distinguished writer's tragic gesture, the world will hesitate to acquiesce in such a challenge to human facts. We are all standing face to face with the terror that threatens the culture and permanence of ideals we hold as our supreme treasures. Yet we cannot and would not give endorsement to such a reaction. The lives of George Meredith or the publicity of the suicidal act of the Greek philosopher, Eupedocles, comes to mind:

He leaped. With none to hinder.—
Of Aetna's fiery scoriae
In the next vomit-shower made he
A more peculiar cinder.—
And this great Doctor, can it be,
He left no saner recipe
For men at issue with despair?

No, such acts provide no solution to any questions of destiny, even though the stoic philosopher, Epictetus, admits that man may always find in his wearied or desperate moments "an open door."

FELIX N. GERSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Short Cut Wanted

SIR:—May the bookseller have a word with you? Because your detective-mystery book reviews, "The Criminal Record," are of such inestimable help to us in keeping our circulating library detective-mystery customers happy, we're wishing you might evolve a similar plan of reviewing general fiction.

If you could do something—*anything*—toward getting book reviews into words of one syllable, stating the substance and general tone of the book concisely and clearly, so that he who runs may read, and we who must read may sell (and vice versa), our appreciation would know no words.

AMY LEE,
for the Emily Mundy Bookshop.
Syracuse, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asch . . .

CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 433 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a collection of short stories so diverse in time, place, mood, and treatment, that one is all the more amazed at the unity of effect here created, at its cumulative power. Asch gives us a perfect literary illustration of a modern psychological theory: that the whole may be greater than the sum of its parts. For consider some of these tales separately and you will see how slight and fragile are their composition. Some, like "The Song of Hunger" and "My Father's Greatcoat," are almost entirely revealed in their titles, fragmentary sketches of event and atmosphere. "God's Bread" is an interesting reappearance, in Jewish terms, of the legend of the juggler at the altar. (Here he is a baker.) There are tales devoted completely to one essential characteristic, a mother's loneliness, a man's bad luck, a girl's rebellion against custom, a Jew reunited with his land. Some seem content with the expression of an idea—pain, piety, nostalgia, death. You may read along from one to another with no appreciable reaction to their writing, and then suddenly an effect is made, a spark is struck, and an emotion larger than the immediate tale seems to flood the pages. What can account for this, other than that each sketch adds its portion to a growing picture which is seen all at once? One story here and there will bring us to a halt with its sharpness of impact, but each of these owes much to the slighter tales that have preceded it, to the atmosphere they have created and to the characters and events they have placed all about, in a rich racial background. Few books of short stories possess this largeness of summation.

Sholem Asch

There are three stories that ought to be especially noted. "The Boy Saint," perhaps the finest in the book, is a typical Jewish folk legend of saintliness in endless struggle with a possessive world. "De Profundis" starts simply enough as a tale of town market life, but develops very quickly into a study of the dark origins of anti-Semitism. Its resolution is as powerful as it is unexpected. "Young Years" treats very tenderly of the romantic moods and searchings of a young girl; she is contrasted beautifully with a pseudo-romantic poetaster who preys upon a group of such girls. These three rank in artistry with the best of Asch's work. Yet they do not therefore stand alone in the book. They are, as I have said, everywhere built up and supported by the mass of legend and folk tale around them, and we may even, in fancy, break down the separate titling and arrangement and let them all flow together into their real integration: a narrative poem of the children of Abraham.

Bezzerides . . .

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. By A. I. Bezzerides. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NATHAN

MR. BEZZERIDES has made himself a loose and easy novel, out of loose characters and easy talk. It is not a big or even an important story, but it does lope smoothly along right under your eyes. Chiefly it is about Harv Cope, a gay, shiftless, conscienceless loon right out of Saroyan. (Come to think of it, Bezzerides and Saroyan have been getting around together in California.) Cope, and his wife and kid, are living off the land, and a happy land it is as he sees it. The thing to do is to cajole people into doing for you, giving you, and that is just what Cope does, with bits of acting, heartstring-pulling, and singing, all the way. The Copes descend upon a hard-working family called Carter, and before you know it they are living on the grounds, feeding on the Carters, owning an acre, running the family. That's the whole story, and after a while it does seem that there isn't enough there for book-length. But credit Bezzerides with a high good humor that gets over to you in every chapter, and an ear for good, folksy, profane talk that outlines character just as sharply as the psychological and sociological approaches that he doesn't use. His first book, "The Long Haul," was better, but this is good reading too.

Sorensen . . .

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS. By Virginia Sorensen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 427 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

IF writers are miners and history ore, it was inevitable that Mormonism would sooner or later be exploited and shipped off to the literary stamp mills, even if Bernard DeVoto hadn't tempted Providence three years ago by guessing that the Mormon story was too big to handle. Nobody up to now has proved Mr. DeVoto wrong. Virginia Sorensen, in this admirable first novel, comes very close to doing just that.

Instead of trying to cover the whole panorama of Mormon history, instead of producing a heavily upholstered account of Mormon society, she confines herself to the story of Nauvoo, that city that grew like an exhalation from a malarial swamp and was for a few brief years the joy of the Saints and a growing anathema to the gentiles. Even that history of Nauvoo the Beautiful she subordinates to the story of a family. Most of the historical events happen off-stage; we can focus on the family of Simon Baker—and with pleasure, because every member of it is real enough to make the average historical-novel character look like Grandfather's stuffed Sunday suit.

Virginia Sorensen

Miss Sorensen has more than the capacity to limit and select and create living people. She can write better than the majority of the novelists now practising in this country—much better than many distended reputations. And she betrays constantly, in flashes of observation and passages of reflection, an acute and original mind. For

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the sophistication and polish of her prose, she looks through no literary glass. She sees with her own eyes, thinks with her own head. That is to say, she is a young writer with a present and a future.

The story of Nauvoo, incorporated in Illinois after the "exterminating order" of Governor Boggs drove the Mormons from Missouri, is less familiar to most than the story of the hegira westward. But Nauvoo has a story. It was Joseph Smith's pet dream. He created it, nursed it, obtained from the legislature a more liberal charter than any American city ever had, built up a city of twenty thousand, the largest in Illinois. But in doing so, he and his followers alienated Illinois as they had alienated Ohio and Missouri, and Joseph's dream died with him in Carthage jail. Two years later Brigham Young had to lead his people completely out of the United States.

Within the frame of those six years, cradled within the dream of the Prophet, Miss Sorensen places the Baker family, shows us the intimate beginnings of plural marriage. Mercy Baker loses her health to constant child-bearing, her home to vandal gentiles, her husband to a robust second wife suggested by Brother Brigham. The record of polygamy in its beginnings, when it was a horror even to many Saints, is the best fictional record of a polygamous household that I know. It is so because Mercy Baker and her family and the intruding second wife are completely and movingly human.

"A Little Lower than the Angels" is an achievement in tightrope walking. History's bare bones could so easily have showed through; the people could so easily have been mere rags on a broomstick. But the history comes to us naturally, without being forced; the institutions are taken for granted; the people are uniformly real. Even Joseph Smith, variously estimated as prophet and martyr, self-deluded social experimenter, and scoundrel, becomes here the charming and magnetic man he surely was, and Miss Sorensen is content to leave him almost as enigmatic as history leaves him. My only quarrel with the portrait—or the book— is that whatever else Joseph was, he was not as literate as this novel makes him. Miss Sorensen is too kind: she endows the Prophet with some of her own gifts.

The 200,000th copy sold in America of "The White Cliffs," Alice Duer Miller's phenomenal best-seller, was recently published. It carried a notice to the effect that the purchaser was entitled to a one hundred dollar U. S. Defense Bond as well as a personally inscribed copy of the limited edition of the book.

Fedorova . . .

THE CHILDREN. By Nina Fedorova. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1942. 386 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IN a way a sequel to "The Family," since some of the same characters recur in it, Miss Fedorova's new novel has much the quality of that earlier book and like it is a fresh, lively, and engaging portrayal of an unfortunate group of persons carrying on courageously and spiritedly in the face of adversity. The scene is Tientsin, the time 1938 when Japanese aggression had overwhelmed the White Russian refugees, and what is left of the Family—Moth, Lida, and Dog—are living in an attic in the English Concession and accepting hardship with good grace. Lida is studying music, and preparing for a recital, and finally is giving recitals, and all the time loving her Jimmy over in America, and waiting for letters from him, or eating her heart out because no word comes from him, and unwittingly being very hard on the fine young Russian who loves her wholeheartedly and unselfishly and in whom she sees only the good friend, as indeed he is.

The story is made up of the small incidents of daily life, tea drinking, and visiting, and deprivations, and of the homely conversations which are so much the coin of actual daily intercourse; of friendships, and little kindlinesses, and heavy problems, and of the bravery which meets each day with eagerness even though evening brings no prospect of increased comfort and prosperity. In addition to several of the characters of "The Family" who reappear in "The Children" there are new ones like the travelling American, Mr. Rind, who is so kind and helpful to Lida, and the rich Pitchers, and the good and untactful English ladies who work at the charities in Tientsin. In the end Lida gets safely over to America and is about to be reunited to her Jimmy.

I like Miss Federova's books immensely—they flow along with such engaging vivacity and naturalness, they have such pleasant people who behave in such agreeable fashion even when the world around them is uncomfortable, and who are so undaunted by the loss of all that lent grace to their living before misfortune overtook them, that despite the tragic undertone of the novels they make delightful reading. Her people are emotional and excitable and intense, but they are real and vivacious and lovable. And how unquenchable!

Bryson . . .

VALIANT LIBERTINE. By John Bryson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1942. 427 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MR. BRYSON is disarmingly frank about his work. "This book," he says, "was not written as an historical novel, concerned with the interpretation of events or the justification of parties to a conflict. It was written as romantic fiction." It would, therefore, be obviously unfair to complain that the Boston of 1775, here presented, is given a multitude of glamours that would have astonished our colonial ancestors. No. That is just the flamboyant setting for a tale of love and intrigue, of Puritan Mata Haris who have certainly lost their Mayflower austerities, of roistering adventurers who are geniuses with the rapier and experts at elegant seduction, of scheming and villainous patriots whose greed for money and power knows no limits and stops at no crime. It is all very gay, very lively, remarkably unreal, and astoundingly inconsistent.

The really troublesome inconsistency is in the hero, Ian Macfarlane, a young blade of wealthy American parentage who has acquired through life in England and France the manners and temperament of the "exquisite," all snobbery and refinement. He is the best swordsman in the whole of England. He has fought France's premier duellist, killed him outright, and landed himself in the scandal of the age —a scandal so resounding that its echoes pursue him even to the benighted provinces of his native America. He is the complete romantic hero, superbly rude to his inferiors, and brilliantly sophisticated among his equals, if there are any. Women, of course, find him irresistible. Sometimes he actually appears to be intelligent, and that is when one begins to be troubled. Those sudden bursts of intellectual activity are too startling. He has been all along most admirably stupid. He has let himself be bamboozled by the pretty little female spy, and not once does suspicion stir in his acute intelligence. And then when a ravishing British beauty falls head over heels in love with him he never even notices her passion, not even when he has had to fight a duel to protect her, when he has most thrillingly escaped in her company from beleaguered Boston. Where, oh where, are those subtle perceptions of the exquisite? Yet he can be bright on occasion. Perhaps he is just a nice example of the eighteenth century schizophrenic, but he does make a disturbing hero.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Eastern Outposts

RAMPARTS OF THE PACIFIC. By Hallett Abend. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 332 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

ON September 6, 1941, Hallett Abend left Los Angeles on a Clipper for a quick tour of the southwestern Pacific. He returned to La Guardia Field in New York on November 7—exactly a month before the attack on Pearl Harbor. He was thus probably the last newspaperman to see today's battlefields in their few remaining moments of uncertain peace. The "Ramparts of the Pacific" represents the fruits of his tour.

Abend is a good reporter. His writing may sometimes be completely inconsequential; at other times it may be buckling under the load of facts. But whatever he has to say is straightforward, simple, and interesting.

Perhaps the most provocative chapter of the book deals with an analysis of General MacArthur's failure to hold the Philippines. Some of the passages are well worth quoting:

> Nothing is so unpopular as criticism of a popular hero, and General MacArthur is that. . . . He is personally magnificent in battle, and his courage and fearlessness are of the contagious kind. He is a great leader of men and a more than ordinarily skilled tactician and strategist. Nevertheless, in less than a month after the outbreak of the war he had lost Manila and most of the island of Luzon. Why? There was no lack of alertness in the Philippines, as there was in Hawaii, but in the Philippines, too, there was complacency and over-confidence.

Abend also recalls General MacArthur's statement to him early in October: "Give me . . . a couple of months more and it will be hopeless for Japan to attack the islands with the intent of conquest." Although disclaiming any intent of muckraking, Abend makes it plain that in his belief MacArthur had tragically erred, and that there was little justification for the subsequent popular boast of MacArthur's "masterly retreat."

Another significant section of the book deals with the problem of native government in the Dutch East Indies after the war. Abend has talked with some Javanese nationalist leaders, and he summarizes their views as follows: had Japan really embarked on a crusade to free the Asiatics from the injustices visited upon them by the whites, the Asiatics would have readily sided with Japan. But Japan has been lying and treacherous, and they have, on the whole, gone against her. If, however, the final peace terms betray them, another Asiatic nation will arise as an emancipator, and "the ensuing conflict will make the present war seem like only an amateurish rehearsal."

The book has serious defects. It is heavily loaded with Abend's old articles in the *New York Times* and various magazines. Possibly because of this, it is painfully uneven in style and treatment, and often repetitious. The obvious haste to put the book out also leaves its imprint on the work. To such haste must be ascribed, for instance, Abend's reference to his "good friend," *Sotomatu Sato*, then minister-at-large in occupied China. The man's name is *Sotomatsu Kato*.

But it would be unfair to a competent observer to overstress these shortcomings. The book may neither be deep nor sparkling, but it is timely and its roots lie firm in solid fact. It is the best of the post-Pearl Harbor reportorial books on the southwest Pacific.

Winner
OF THE
Pulitzer Prize
IN HISTORY

Reveille
IN
Washington
1860-1865
By MARGARET LEECH

"A book about yesterday that is eternally true today."
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ILLUSTRATED • $3.50

HARPER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phantasmagoria

THE DARK KINGDOM. By Kenneth Patchen. New York: Harriss & Givens. 1942. 118 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AS Kenneth Patchen's latest volume of poetry is like nothing else under review, it must be given a notice to itself. This poet of great talent has progressed farther and farther from the actual into the realm of his imagination, until he seems to have created a country of his own which reminds at times, though faintly, both of the prophetic books of Blake, of "The Worm Ouroboros," and of the decadent and demoniac strains of the nineties. It is a very queer world indeed, of which I shall presently give glimpses.

Probably the best review of such a book as this would be written by a psychoanalyst, except that very few psychoanalysts have any experience of poetry or its inward compulsions, and might go far afield in their guesses. There has always been this kind of poetry. Poe, in his own far different way, wrote this kind. Blake wrote it, Rimbaud wrote it. Baudelaire wrote it. Many other poets have written nightmares. If a psychoanalyst should dredge "Ulalume," for instance, we would be treated to some strange sights. I know nothing about Kenneth Patchen save his poetry, which is very occasionally impressive in this book, usually disquieting, and sometimes full of as many odd little horrors as that drawing of the beaver and the bellman in "The Hunting of the Snark." Just possibly, Mr. Patchen is spoofing us. But I do not think so.

On the jacket and on the title page stands a prose statement about "the dark kingdom," which means very little to me and is the kind of thing one can write off the top of the mind very easily. Evidently, however, it is strongly believed in, as Mr. Patchen did both the design and typography of this book himself. It is a pretentious introduction to free verse under different headings (there are, incidentally, some beautiful and touching love-poems) a great deal of which will be as Greek to even the intelligent reader, though Mr. Patchen has ability enough as a poet to strike out some unusual phrase and paint vivid Dali-esque pictures. It all seems to involve some sort of theosophy, and an intense personal struggle. The author cries out:

> Why do I
> Stand here in this place with the whole sound
> Of horror on my heart? What have I done
> That I am separated from my kind?

He sees all sorts of nightmare visions. War haunts him, and murder. He cries again:

> but, God, we can't believe,
> We can't believe in anything.
> Because nothing is pure enough.
> Because nothing will ever happen
> To make us good in our own sight.
> Because nothing is evil enough.

But he can use a phrase of women bathing, "their bodies dress the world in golden birds," and see a vision:

> I believe that a young woman
> Is standing in a circle of lions
> On the other side of the sky

and thus impress us. Then, on the other hand, he can write:

> The old women sat upon the couch
> And made obscene gestures of love.
> I did not fail my trust.
>
> Three naked girls hung by their hair
> From the pole of the roof.
> When they cried, brightly-clad fools
> Did hi-jinks at the door.

which seems to me merely silly and decadent. When we come to poem number 54, "The Outlaw of the Lowest Planet," we find that all the villages of heaven have names in a category very Blakeian, but earlier than this, Mr. Patchen has flashed upon us such a picture as is out of Dunsany by the author (in 1908) of that frabjous poem, "Betelguese: A Trip Through Hall," viz: Jean Louis De Esque!

Thus Mr. Patchen:

> The homes of Nakeus
> Rise upon the cracked plains. And now begins
> The stampede of men seeking peace in green coats:
> From Chunx with randy bears on silver chains,
> Raffia bandages covering ancient wounds, girls
> Decked in hair bras and carrying shriveled heads
> In quaggy baskets. Let come the sick and lame
> Over troubled lands in bounding carts; waters
> Of Dnius made red by their swimming wounds;
> And from hills of rattling Mugon that migration
> Of grizzled men and sinister gear.

In the recent words of a certain fabulous character now in the movies: "This seems to be a case for Superman!"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 423)

STRUNSKY:
THE LIVING TRADITION

There is such a thing as blinking everyday facts and surrendering ourselves to a world of clashing fanaticisms. In a world where the doctrinaire runs mad it behooves us more than ever to assert the claims of common experience.

Pulitzer Prize Winner

The Dust Which Is God

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Intensively alive with the spirit of our century—with America. Rich and diverse in the exciting epoch it recreates, in familiar portraits, brilliantly remembered scenes. One Man's Life, from the time of the '98 Spanish War, through World War I, Boom, Depression, into the chaotic Present. Also a romance of disguised and fascinating contemporary figures. To those of us who have lived the past three decades—as intimate as our own biography—and in it Youth's new world-adventure comes to the fore.

But not just One Man's Story. Here are such love, travail, romance, suffering, ecstasy as make up the kaleidoscope of life for Every Man. A profound emotional experience conveyed with the greatest verbal beauty.

Regular edition $3.50. Limited, autographed edition $6.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

En Route to Oblivion

THE DEVIL'S FOOT. By Christine Weston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. P. RICHARDS

THE devil is everywhere in this novel of infatuation, restlessness, and suffering. Some dark, some unknown force drives man on his way, and it is always a way leading to grief and oblivion. Whatever one may try, whatever one may start, one is lead to an end unwished for; things inevitably will happen, and all one can do is to make a feeble attempt to follow the path which is set. Often, however, the path leads into a trap, frequently disguised as something desirable, a happy home, a successful business, a love affair.

Such is the world of Christine Weston's novel. Not that she delineates these contours clearly; yet Adrienne, her heroine, is condemned to see the panorama of life with the eyes of frustration and despair. Since Adrienne possesses the fatal gift of insight, of grasping the essence of a human life, in a flash, but misses all light and mirth, she sees only decline and lack of fulfillment everywhere. The novel draws its force from Adrienne alone.

There is a sort of plot. Escape from the little town Torford, interlude in New York, marriage to a man she had never loved, birth of a child which does not survive, life in France and return to the hometown, "where respectability had grown like a great cyst." But the reader is left to piece together the story. The structure is loose. A fragment of a diary here and a flashback there; a chapter of her sufferings when the dead child is born (an unforgettable chapter); a conversation which is a scarcely veiled duel and a love that is like a sickness.

But this emphasis on character, this overpowering stress on Adrienne's most minute emotions, becomes dangerous when towards the end the events crowd in upon her. For the people involved in them have been shadows thus far. We saw them with Adrienne's eyes during the first three quarters of the book, and only towards the end the author presents them quasi as independent figures. Also, the excellent climax concerns the heroine in only a detached way: it is as if it were the climax of another book which is not written from Adrienne's perspective.

The fact that Adrienne is a writer for whom reality is only the reality of the soul, might make us accept her dissecting analyses, her awareness of the suffering that underlies many lives in our decade. But the author does not succeed in giving us, or better, in letting Adrienne give us, the picture of the dread small town, which suffocates the creative instincts, engulfs the inhabitants with its narrowness, and dulls life down to an eternal monotony. We may accept momentarily its multiple dramas of frustration and failure, we may even accept the view that most people in a small town will fall into the traps set by fate, but we are actually only accepting Adrienne's mental outlook. The objective world, in this case the small town, is not painted convincingly as a place where the forces of the Devil are working under the surface. Perhaps it needs a Dostoievski or a Julian Green to achieve that. It is too great a task for a writer whose work is on the most subjective plane, whose force is the psychological in its most extreme detail, and who has not yet found the necessary detachment from the things she tells. Mrs. Weston somehow hasn't discovered a way out of the nightmarish visions which she herself has created in "Devil's Foot."

A New Discovery in American Literature!

Wind Before Rain

by John D. Weaver

Winner of The Atlantic Contest 1941

"An almost sagelike quality, stemming from its fullness and simplicity." —N. Y. Herald Tribune

"He has a fresh, exciting gift for both direct and indirect narration." —Louis Untermeyer

"A story that holds the reader like pine-resin sticks." —Jesse Stuart

"Remarkable for its sincerity and its conviction." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"Steeped in beauty that is root-deep, it heralds a rare talent." —New York Times

"Beautiful, authentic and filled with finest understanding." —Thomas Hart Benton

"He makes the Virginia hill people live in his pages." —Binghampton Press

"It's a technicolor film, with feel, taste and smell thrown in." —Chicago Sun

at all bookstores • $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War Wheels

THE TOOLS OF WAR. By James R. Newman. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 398 *pp., and index.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

WE live in an era of "total" war. This means nothing more nor less than that every citizen is now a part of the miltary, whether he (or she) bears arms and wears uniform, or goes about "civilian" pursuits. Quite apart from the duties of war, the tremendous drama of the wars which have been fought in our generation has heightened public interest in all the details of war's focal point, the fighting front.

Here is a book for civilians explaining and illustrating many of the details which used to be reserved for members of those military guilds, the army, navy, and air force. It is a lucid, factual book about the "tools" of war, the weapons with which battles are fought and nations defended or attacked. With very realistic lack of passion, fitting in this world in which war is altogether a fact whether we like it or not, it explains not only the use of war's tools, but a good deal about their history—the age-old struggle between attack and defense, sword and shield, catapult and fort, gun and armor.

The author discusses light arms and field artillery; his treatment of fortification is most interesting. Tanks and modern motorized weapons receive the generous space they deserve, and there are long and full chapters on the tools of sea war and the tools of air war. It is all very readable, very informative, very useful—it can't help but make much clearer the understanding of what we read as we follow the news.

To Mr. Newman, who is thoroughly experienced at clarifying and enlivening the mechanical and factual (and who is not above injecting generous dashes of slang and a taste for iconoclasm) all war can be reduced to three basic factors—fire power, mobility, and armor.

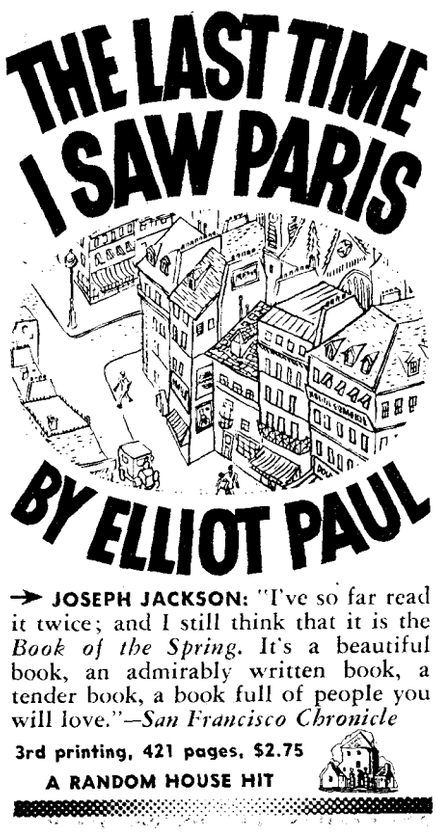
Mr. Newman is gun, or missile-minded. He sees the gasoline-engine principally as an innovation in mobility—a carrier for the gun; he sees the present war as an extension, more complex and intricate but still an extension of past wars.

There are those who feel that not the missile, but rather explosive is the prime destructive agent of modern war, and that the revolution in warfare through which we are living is caused by the advent of the gasoline-engine as a primary carrier of explosive on its journey from the magazine in which it was stored, to the target intended to be destroyed. The internal-combustion engine, given wings, becomes a plane. With a hull about it, it is a motorboat. On wheels or tractor-treads, it is a tank or other variety of mobile weapon. From the gasoline engine base explosive can be hurled, shot, dropped, launched —gotten to the target in a variety of ways. But the engine itself, by introducing new dimensions in distance and speed to the communication of explosive, has been upsetting warfare ever since it appeared, and for one simple reason—the gasoline-engine is in itself such a swift-moving target that it has upset the old conception of aimed gunnery which has dominated warfare for centuries, and forced the gunner to a new idea of "hosed" mechanical gunnery.

These things are perhaps still not clear in the revolutionary and transitional era of warfare in which we live. Mr. Newman's book sticks to safer, solider ground. It is a good book, thoroughly worth reading. In swift, all-embracing scope it covers a tremendous three-dimensional field, and on the whole does it remarkably well and in a consistently interesting, even entertaining way.

Surrounded by war, the least we can do is to study war, to master war—and since man has always waged wars, to be sure that we, masters of the machine, make and wield superior tools of war and by their use win victory.

Mr. Schubert, radio military commentator, is the author of "Sea Power in Conflict."



→ **JOSEPH JACKSON:** "I've so far read it twice; and I still think that it is the *Book of the Spring*. It's a beautiful book, an admirably written book, a tender book, a book full of people you will love."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

3rd printing, 421 pages, $2.75

A RANDOM HOUSE HIT

It Began in Macao

I'VE COME A LONG WAY. By Helena Kuo. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1942. 369 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FAY GILLIS WELLS

IF you are intrigued by the disarmingly frank title "I've Come a Long Way," you will be completely fascinated by this autobiography of Helena Kuo, who has not wasted a minute of her short lifetime, which has been as incongruous as calligraphy and typewriting—but she does both equally well.

Helena Kuo was fortunate in having a wealthy Chinese father who believed in intellectual studies for his daughters as well as his sons, and a modern Chinese mother who disgracefully fell in love with her husband.

The author's education began in Macao on a day choosen from the astrological calendar by her mother. She started by learning to copy Confucius in Chinese. Maybe that is why everything else has been fairly easy. Then she went to a Portuguese convent and studied Portuguese, music, and English. Her life might have been happier if she hadn't been quite so determined to show the men how clever women can be.

Helena Kuo falls in love with a modern Chinese student—modern in his Western education but still Chinese in his treatment of women. For several years she follows him from one end of China to the other, living as a Chinese woman with his family. But on one occasion he orders her back to his family just after she had sold a series of articles to a paper and "the career person in me, having tasted the red blood of success, gave me sudden strength," so she broke with Lien.

Through friends she became an Ambassadress of China with expenses paid and soon found herself in London, where she spoke for the Chinese cause, took a course in Higher Economics, was interviewed on the radio which led to her writing a daily article in the *London Daily Mail*. She wrote a book called "Peach Path," on the shores of the Mediterranean. When war broke out she fled to America. She went on a lecture tour because "I was lucky enough to arrive at the Leigh office the week they wanted a Chinese lecturer."

"I've Come a Long Way" is honest, sensitive writing, at times as delicate as a Chinese lady. There will be a sequel to this book for Helena Kuo still has a long way to go. Her ancient Chinese heritage is still in conflict with her modern Western education and until they reach an understanding, she will continue her restless roaming.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Towards "Something Called X"

THE ROAD WE ARE TRAVELING 1914-42. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund. 1942. 106 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN

THE Twentieth Century Fund, which in its short career has reached a high-water mark among foundations and has published invaluable studies based on careful research, now has entered the more precarious field of prophecy with the publication of "The Road We Are Traveling 1914-42," the first of six volumes by Stuart Chase on "When the War Ends." Stuart Chase's talent for writing, gives assurance that the remaining five will be as stimulating as is the first.

Stuart Chase's method is to project into the post-war era the familiar trends of the period 1914-42, eleven in all, listed in Chapter II, which "give us," he says, "the basis for exploring the future." As the most important of these eleven trends he cites, "Government in Business," "the wholesale invasion by the state of areas hitherto reserved for private business." Mr. Chase modestly confesses that he has "no theories as to how this trend is going to work out." It is not socialism; it is not capitalism; it is not fascism—which, he says, are mere names. It is "something called X which is displacing the system of free enterprise." "Something," he says, "has appeared which nobody anticipated, nobody wanted, and nobody really understands. Mr. James Burnham calls it the 'managerial revolution' in the first intelligent attempt to understand it which I have seen." It is control and management by the government and technicians of property and industries, with ownership remaining in private hands, adopting the "same formula used by management of great corporations in depriving stockholders of power."

On the subject of "business as usual," Chase says: "One must go back to 1913 to find even an approximation of that structure." Twelve of the years from 1914 to 1942 were covered by the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, all of whom "kept government out of business with almost a theological zeal"; and again, "Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover were ardent admirers of *laissez faire* and permitted a minimum amount of government interference." If we deduct these twelve years—the last six of which developed the greatest Stock Exchange boom in modern times—the remaining ones witnessed the two mostly costly, extensive, and devastating wars in history and the worst depression since the beginning of finance capitalism. May we not, therefore, question if the eleven familiar trends of this period, projected into the post-war era, can really give us an accurate picture? Granted that some of these trends have no direct relation to wars, depressions, or booms, nevertheless who can say how much these trends have been affected by the general abnormality of this period? How valuable would a prophecy for Europe be, published by a Frenchman, say in 1815, entitled, "The Road We Are Traveling 1786-1814," a period covering the French Revolution, the Terror, and the Wars of Napoleon, if the important trends of those twenty-eight years were projected to forecast the nineteenth century?

A solid part of this book is that which lists the program of action of the National Resources Planning Board for dealing with post-war unemployment. There can be no disputing Mr. Chase when he says, "If you hold your ear close to the ground you can hear a muffled roar echoing around the world * * * it is the voice of the people demanding security and an end to the paradox of plenty." Will these demands force us into the "managerial revolution"? Have the capitalists, by monopolies and price-fixing, already ended free enterprise? Have they, by their device of obtaining the management of large corporations without ownership, reduced the stockholders to a state of passivity so the government and technicians can now take over government? Professor James Burnham has given us a rather unconvincing answer, and Mr. Chase himself may not have searched far enough when he says that Mr. Burnham's "is the first intelligent attempt to understand it." With less of a "basis for exploring the future," it seems to this reviewer far more likely that when the war ends we shall have what was foreseen and defined by the British Trades Union Congress as a "mixed economy."

Pulitzer Prize for Fiction

awarded to

ELLEN GLASGOW

for

IN THIS OUR LIFE

$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Against Poison"

NO RETREAT. By Anna Rauschning. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 309 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

PERHAPS this book would not have been published, or even written, had the author not been the wife of Dr. Hermann Rauschning, former president of the Danzig senate and one-time confidant of the Fuehrer. But this would have been a definite loss. For here is an unpretentious and deeply human book to be highly recommended to American women and mothers—and especially to those who still are doubtful as to what this war is really about. Measured by the yardstick of the physical sufferings of the average European refugee, the lot of Mrs. Rauschning and her family may still be considered a soft one. But this is exactly why her story is so valuable; for, paradoxical and pathetic as it may sound, nothing is, in the long run, less impressive in a narrative than the accumulation of the completely horrible.

Mrs. Rauschning's is a somewhat different tale. In the beginning it is a charming rural family portrait, and although the Rauschnings lived on what now seems to us the very danger-spot of the Eastern European volcano, politics enter the picture only gradually. And only gradually the author's gallant fight against Nazism gains momentum.

Her actual personal experiences before and during Dr. Rauschning's presidency are by no means sensational. It is the uncomplicated story of an intelligent and upright mother and her fight to guard her children against what she, for one, had undoubtedly recognized, almost from the outset, as a malignant poison. The cynicism of grafting Nazi officials floods her society; her most trusted employee, a woman who apparently had become her devoted friend, proves to be a Gestapo spy; her children are pressed into the uniformed youth organizations, and there, in the girls' *Bund,* her half-grown daughters have to witness that unbelievable state-fostered promiscuity for the sake of a future army.

At this point Mrs. Rauschning's book comes to its climax. We only can guess how much the crying out of this mother had to do with Dr. Rauschning's growing reluctance to fall in line with further party orders and his eventual resignation from office. But we cannot help admiring the sense of decency Mrs. Rauschning knew how to keep up in the midst of a perverted world so cleverly disguised as the fulfillment of the national German dream. These few pages of a nightly dialogue in the bedroom of the Rauschning farm house while a spying cook is eavesdropping are, in their sober straightforwardness, well worth half a dozen "colorful" anti-Nazi novels.

Good taste prevents the author from indulging too much in political and party gossip. She has little to add to the story of her husband's original affiliation with the Nazis. Even more clearly than in his own writings, however, this fateful incident presents itself as the age-old, pathetic, and utterly German story of the *Doktor* who wanted to outwit the devil by making him his companion.

The closing chapter of the book is a sincere declaration of allegiance to this country. With simple earnestness Mrs. Rauschning, the mother, tells us why she wants her children to become genuinely rooted in this new soil. And there is not one false note in what she has to say. The author of "No Retreat" is bound to make a good "citizen by choice."

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

SOUTHWEST ISSUE
Edited by John H. McGinnis

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

Please enter my subscription and send me a bill for:

☐ 1 YEAR—$4.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00

$1 Additional for Pan America or Abroad.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PULITZER PRIZES

(*Continued from page* 9)

awarded the accolade of the Pulitzer Committee, proved a long labor, the result of the most conscientious and scrupulous research which kept Miss Leech for the larger part of several years in Washington. The difficulties confronting the writer of Civil War history who works from source material Miss Leech discovered to be enormous, for records are some of them under the charge of the State Department, some under that of the War. Censorship still prevails, and certain documents are unavailable. Miss Leech, undaunted by refusals or effort, managed to consult an enormous mass of contemporary material with the result that "Reveille in Washington" presents one of the most informed, lively, and detailed pictures obtainable of the national capital during the years of the Civil War. Miss Leech has woven into her chronicle a picture not only of the leaders but of the people as well, and filled it in with small detail of fascinating sort. Few books of recent years which have won the History prize have had wider general recognition than Miss Leech's book.

Biography

Born in Ohio, the state in which was passed the early married life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Forrest Wilson has lived most of his manhood in the Eastern United States or in Europe. He began his career on a newspaper in Cleveland, then became a Washington correspondent. During World War I he was a captain in the Chemical Warfare Service, and after the Armistice made his home in Paris, remaining there until 1930. During that period he contributed stories and articles to magazines. In addition to these latter he attempted the drama becoming co-author of a Broadway success, "The Blessed Event." He now resides in Weston, Conn. In preparation for "Crusader in Crinoline" Mr. Wilson travelled some twelve thousand miles, criss-crossing the country on the trail of Mrs. Stowe and the scenes she described. The result was a biography which in its combination of accuracy, general interest, and comprehensiveness richly deserves the award it has won.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

(*Continued from page 4*)

'it means just what I choose it to mean,—neither more nor less.'" "How many honest words" complained a character in one of Middleton's plays more than three hundred years ago, "have suffered corruption since Chaucer's days!" God knows what the poor fool would say today—when so many good words are rotten, worm-eaten, dissolute! Such a sad fate occupies only a small part of Dr. Schlauch's fascinating study in logistics. It is rarely that one comes across an academic treatise so lively, so easy to read, and so full of meat and meaning as "The Gift of Tongues." Dr. Schlauch's essay gives, to the unlearned, a succinct, well-arranged history of the origin and growth of speech. Her range is enviably wide; her examples are apt and witty; she lists her authorities in excellent appendices, and her work has a tolerance and sense not always found in writings of those whose field of study is commonly regarded as narrow. In short her book is another monument to the truth that no field of study is narrow if the student is broad-minded.

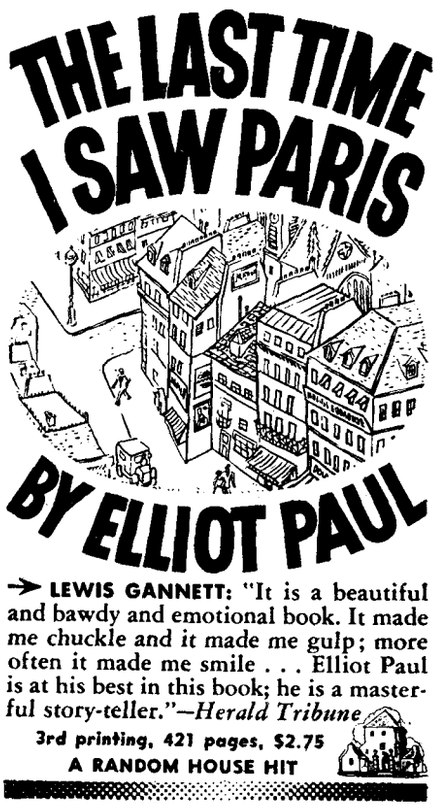
OUT of what groans, grunts, whimpers, yells, and love-liquidities human speech developed we are never likely to know. Why is the speech of some races full of gutterals, or clicks, or rollings, or nasalities, or drawls, or sharpness? Whence did the Basque language come? And whence Romany? Why—I wish Dr. Schlauch had discussed this—can no mammals imitate human speech while ravens, parrots, and mynahs are so successful in that amusement? I knew a parrot—but I mustn't start on parrot stories. And why is human language—especially English in comparison, say, with French—so unstable? This last question is answered in "The Gift of Tongues." Dr. Schlauch's book is the first I have met to give proper emphasis to the great changes in English due to snobbery, to false refinement, and to the vestigial superstitions of our race. For some strange reason the Anglo-Saxons have, since the middle of last century, shied away from plain statements of fact about the inescapable things—Life, Death, Sex, natural functions. Dr. Schlauch notes the absurd series of genteelisms that have taken the place of harmless words like water-closet; she notes the vulgar avoidance of the word death. She misses, however, one infuriating impropriety. In this country—and it has spread across the Atlantic—children are "born to Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader" or even simply "to Mrs. Cadwallader." Who bears the poor infants? The doctor or the monthly nurse or the Diadie Wash Company?

What harm is done by misuses and mistakes in words? I am no opponent of slang, of ingenious neologisms, of fruity periphrases, or of euphemisms used conveniently; but it is essential to distinguish between misuses which enrich, and misuses which impoverish the language. The vulgar misuse of such words as awful, dreadful, shocking, rotten, nice, elegant, divine, adore has done nothing to enrich the language; it has made it harder for the artist to use such words properly. Sometimes the slang use of a word is so expressive that we can afford to dispense with it in its earlier sense. It would be pedantic to wish for the abolition of the slang term "You bounder" because no longer can a poet, as he could in the eighteenth century, say to his heart, "Down, little bounder, down!" Words must grow and change; but we want them to grow wings, not worms; and the vulgarization of our language since the spread of popular education has been a rotten business.

Dr. Schlauch's discussion of the language used by some modern authors—James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, e.e. cummings, Hart Crane, T. S. Eliot, and W. H. Auden is extraordinarily acute and sensitive. Especially noteworthy, in their packed and suggestive interpretations, are the five pages on Abstractions to express the Concrete and on Juxtapositions. Any critic of literature will find this entire section on Language and Poetic Creation well worthy study. The historical chapter on the Life History of the English Language is as readable as it is learned, and filled with happy quotations. I wish, however, in a future edition, she would discuss in some detail the odd revolt against Latin words; a revolt best exemplified, perhaps, in the work of William Barnes, the Dorset poet. It was Barnes who invented the pretty words "pushwain" and "folkwain" as substitutes for "perambulator" (the common word in England for "baby-coach") and "omnibus."

No one should think that the study of words, the study of meanings is remote from the present world-tragedy. Confused thought, malicious thought issue in confused language; and a confused, careless use of words breeds confusion of thought. It would be too much to say that the present torments and disasters are due to ignorance of meaning, to a lack of precision in language; but these have been contributory causes of great gravity. Dr. Schlauch points out the grim irony of the words "protective custody," a foul euphemism for abduction and torture. How many murders are covered by the easy syllables of "liquidation!" How much madness and villainy march under the banner of "racial purity!" What superstition, and not alone in Germany, has enslaved millions by our acceptance of a limited use of the great word Science! There is no panacea for the world's ills, outside a world conversion; and Dr. Schlauch smiles sadly at Mr. Ogden's claim that the absence of an international language like Basic English is "the chief obstacle to international understanding, and consequently the chief underlying cause of war." Quarrels in families, in cities, in countries where one language is used are not altogether unknown. There is no panacea: but if people would be more careful in the translation of their thought, more anxious that others get their meaning as well as the sound of their speech, it would be more difficult for the cheat and the liar, the madman and the man without scruples to succeed in his attacks on his fellows.

Doubleday, Doran and *The American Mercury Magazine* have completed arrangements to publish a series of books under their joint imprint. Each title so published will be known as An American Mercury Book.



→ **LEWIS GANNETT:** "It is a beautiful and bawdy and emotional book. It made me chuckle and it made me gulp; more often it made me smile . . . Elliot Paul is at his best in this book; he is a masterful story-teller."—*Herald Tribune*

3rd printing, 421 pages, $2.75
A RANDOM HOUSE HIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

ONCE EVERY YEAR a group of very busy fellows meet at the Stork Club and select a young lady to be designated Debutante Number One of the new season. Brenda Frazier was the first of this distinguished line, and Lord only knows the names of her successors. This year, however, the boys popped up with a choice that made real news. Sixteen-year-old Oona O'Neill was the lucky girl, and the reporters turned handsprings when they discovered that she is the daughter of America's Number One dramatist, Eugene O'Neill. Oona (the name was suggested by James Stephens) said that the new title pleased her very much. What her father said has not yet been revealed, but if you will refer to the text of "The Hairy Ape" or "Desire under the Elms," you will recall that he does not lack for appropriate phrases when the occasion arises!

Meanwhile, no way has been found to lure Eugene O'Neill away from his home near Berkeley, California, to supervise a production of his new play, "The Ice Man Cometh." The script reposes in our safe at Random House. In my opinion, it is the crowning work of his career. To a Broadway that is reeling from the effects of the most dolorous season in twenty years, a play like this would be a new beacon of hope, a reaffirmation of the validity of the American theatre. O'Neill, however, has a sound reason for forbidding its production unless he is on the scene to check the details. Only once in his brilliant career was a play done without his personal direction. That was "Dynamo," in 1929, and says Mr. O'Neill bitterly, "The only thing anybody seems to remember of the entire production was that Claudette Colbert wore a red dress and had beautiful legs!" "The Ice Man Cometh" will have to wait until the author is good and ready to come to New York and brave once more the rigors and heartbreaks of New York rehearsals and out-of-town tryouts.

The new play, as you have probably heard, is based on that period of Mr. O'Neill's turbulent youth when he lived in a grubby little rooming house over a saloon just off the Hudson River waterfront. It was known as "Jimmy the Priest's." Those were the days when he sailed before the mast, and underwent the experiences that were poured into "The Long Voyage Home" and his other early plays of the sea. A little later they were produced by the Provincetown Playhouse. George Cram Cook, Eleanor Fitzgerald, and Jimmie Light ran the Provincetown then. They remember the day when O'Neill appeared under the tow of a burly chap who was no less self-assured because he was temporarily out of funds. His name was Howard Scott, but his magic Technocracy was still round the corner!

O'Neill never could stand the ordeal of his own first nights. On the memorable occasion of the premiere of "Strange Interlude" he wandered unrecognized down Broadway. Unrecognized, that is, by all but a single passerby, who clapped him on the back and boomed, "Eugene O'Neill, by all that's holy! Haven't seen you since we shipped together on the Southern Cross! What on earth ya been doin' with yourself since?"

Besides "The Ice Man Cometh," Mr. O'Neill has completed another manuscript, as well as five full-length plays of a contemplated cycle of nine that will chronicle the history of an American family from the days of the Pilgrims to the present. His friends have cautioned him to deposit copies of these priceless manuscripts in other places, because the O'Neill home, until recently so remote, so seemingly impregnable in the California hills, is now neatly within range of possible enemy airplane attacks. Here, however, he and his lovely wife, Carlotta, propose to remain, complete unto one another, content to see only a few close friends each season—George Jean Nathan, Russel Crouse, Saxe Commins, or the Langners. He writes four hours and more every day of his life. Some time, the impulse to come to New York will seize him, and New York's theatre will suddenly come alive again. He is the greatest man I have ever met.

A LIKELY best-seller on the Doubleday list is "War Has Seven Faces," by Frank Gervasi, of *Collier's*. I have a special interest in this book. While Mr. Gervasi was home correcting the proofs of the final chapter, Mrs. Gervasi was just about saving my life as dinner partner at a pretty dreary and interminable banquet. . . . The grapevine circuit predicts big things for a new novel by Le Grand Cannon, Jr. called "Look to the Mountain," which Holt has scheduled for publication on May 31st. It is a story of pre-Revolutionary New Hampshire. . . . You have until October 1st to enter your manuscript for the Dodd, Mead-*Red Book* prize novel competition. The winner gets $7,500 from *Red Book*, plus a $2,500 advance from Dodd, Mead, which is a powerful lot of cash in any language. Someone ought to compile the actual sales record of all the prize-winning novels of the past ten years. I wonder how many developed into real best sellers and how many won the fifty-yard dash to the remainder tables. . . . Datus C. Smith, Jr., is the new director of the Princeton University Press. And across the campus, Elmer Adler, whose Pynson Printers turned out some of the most beautiful books ever made in this country, is conducting a flourishing new class on prints and typography. . . . Putnam's has just published a fascinating book called "On Being an Architect," by William Lescaze, whose modernistic house on East 49th Street is one of the sights of the town. . . .

The war is responsible for two more casualties in the magazine ranks: *The*

The Best Way to Get Started

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

Develop the writing habit under the personal direction of an experienced writer or editor.

THE Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers a series of fascinating assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to polish your style the way professional writers polished theirs—by writing continually.

You may concentrate on either short story or article work, advancing as rapidly as your ability warrants. Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

The booklet "The Best Job in the World" which describes the Magazine Institute plan of *modern* help to writers and tells about opportunities in magazine writing will be sent to you *free*. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it *today*.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Dept. 55
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Please send your booklet, without obligation to:

Name.....

Address.....

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call.)

Keep fit, get that necessary change of scene at Skytop, a social club in the secluded Pocono Mountains, on Lackawanna R.R. Non-members may consult their travel agent or address Skytop Club, Skytop, Pa. Write for brochure S.R.

SKYTOP

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Radio City Music Hall in New York is dedicating a ballet to a book—"Consider the Daisies," by Gertrude Carrick. Miss Carrick is shown at the right. With her are Director Florence Rogge and Ballerina Micheline Lane.

Living Age and the *Kenyon Review*. . . . Alfred Knopf will not name his new boxer pup "Tapiola" . . . . A recent biography of Hans Christian Andersen appeared under the title of "The Shoemaker's Son." *The New York Labor News* requested a review copy. . . . One anthology that is mighty useful to have at hand these days is Norman Cousins's "A Treasury of Democracy." Why doesn't some book club use this for a dividend? . . . . Edwin A. Falk is writing a book about American-Japanese naval relations called, very aptly, "From Perry to Pearl Harbor." Mr. Falk's previous books were biographies of Togo and Fighting Bob Evans. A friend accused him of writing a "Little Admiral" series. . . . Gene Fowler has invented a device which he claims has saved him a fortune. On the eve of every visit that he and his wife make to the theatre, he writes a letter to the house manager which reads as follows: "Tomorrow evening my wife and I will have the pleasure of attending the performance at your theatre. We will occupy Seats number G109 and 110, where my wife will lose a pair of gray silk gloves. . . . "

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

a—3.	k—3.
b—20.	l—1,000,000.
c—8.	m—20,000.
d—7.	n—7.
e—12.	p—2.
f—39.	q—17.
g—2.	r—100,000.
h—1919.	s—20,000.
i—20.	t—40.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily clasified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

EX-SOLDIER going back in service in June, will lend fishing equipment, for duration, to Lady Sportswoman. (If I don't come back it's yours)—All in exchange for letters while in service. Box 37-G.

LOVING housefree, lady lion cub languishes for new surroundings. Aspirants apply Ensign J. G. Burton, Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.

WANTED—Buyer for Printing and Stationery Business, established 7 years, 1941 gross business, $6,500. Box 38-G.

BREATHES THERE NOT SOME MAN OF MEANS who hath a yen for a farm in Vermont, all hills, dales, woodlands and trout brooks—unglamorized; old-fashioned? Cattle and agriculture too, with a farmer of integrity in charge. Deep refreshment for the soul in every acre of the thousand—Breathes there that man? Box 39-G.

WHAT THE SAM HILL are the Fields of Asphodel? Box 830-E.

HUNGRY FOR PINES, white birches, mountain, lake? Then rent my six-room cottage near Chocorua, New Hampshire—screened porches, modern conveniences, canoe, boat, bunks and cots in boat house. Mrs. Gertrude Deveneau, Durham, New Hampshire.

"GREEN SHADOWS INN," Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

MUST SELL—Pink granite house, modern, Seal Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine. Private road, heavenly views. Three master bedrooms, two baths on ground floor. Two master bedrooms and bath on second floor can be shut off. Heat in all rooms and baths. Panelled studio living room, two fireplaces. Kitchen, laundry and service quarters complete. Three-car garage. Offers? Box 40-G.

DOCTOR'S VERMONT country home, child boarded. Own garden produce, eggs, young companionship. Happy, healthy home. Box 41-G.

COMPLETE FILE all issues Fortune Magazine. Excellent condition. No fair offer declined. Box 42-G.

TWO OR MORE women to work and rest in charming old Rockland County residence. Library, music room, art studio. Reasonable charge. Box 43-G.

WRITER desires secluded cabin for summer. Preferably near lake, stream, or ocean. The west preferred. Box 44-G.

SEAL AND PORPOISE LODGE, on Mac Mahan Island, Maine; for discriminating people who appreciate island seclusion and the Maine coast. Congenial community, boating, fishing, tennis and swimming. No automobiles, but ready accessibility from the mainland. Near Bath and Boothbay Harbor. Cottages also available. Write for illustrated booklet to Miss Lillie M. Wheeler, 179 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL, bored with mediocrity, insincerity; interested outdoors, photography, would appreciate stimulating correspondence with sincere young lady. Box 32-G.

WANTED: Humorous, intelligent, intellectual, extroverted correspondent by country doctor. Box 33-G.

IS THERE STIMULATING, remunerative job somewhere in the East for a thirty-three year old fair-haired Finn who desires a change from the field of education and would gamble present security for work in some other field? Can type a little, drive a car, might be good in personnel work, or even on an assembly line. Box 34-G.

PERSONALS

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MAPLE SWEETS, Gallon Maple Syrup, $3; half-gallon, $1.75; quart, $1. Pure Maple Sugar, pound cake, 60 cents; four pounds cakes, $2. Sent express collect. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 15-G.

YOUR PROBLEM, Madame, for the duration, is to find good clothes of smart and lasting design, at sensible prices. Solve it by shopping for your coat, suit and dress from Miss Goodman's Original Models. 474 Seventh Avenue, LAckawanna 4-4026.

FOR RENT—studio apartment, furnished, New York City, June - October, Steinway grand, central, quiet. $45.00 month. Box 977-E.

WILL BUY SMALL HOUSE ACCESSIBLE Manhattan without car, near water and/or golf. Box 30-G.

TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA. Come to the mountains for coolness. Come to Tryon for peace and beauty. Come to Mill Farm for comfort and good food. Summer rates. Mrs. Frances N. Williams.

POETRY AND PROSE manuscripts wanted. Arts and Letters Publications, 1234 Radio City, New York.

FOR SALE IN SCARSDALE—a house with a soul. Seven rooms, two baths. Quarter acre trees and garden. Box 20-G.

WOULD VASSAR SENIOR OR GRADUATE, CIO minded, correspond with soldier? Box 21-G.

HAVE FOUR ROOM cottage in limits of "ghost" village on Georgian Bay, Ontario. If you want beautiful and peaceful surroundings for the duration of the war, it may be had rent free, lights furnished. Schools, stores, churches, and hospital within mile. Outside means of support essential. Box 22-G.

RUSTIC FURNISHED COTTAGE—fireplace—Southern New Hampshire. $75 Season. Box 23-G.

VIOLENTLY PRO F. D. ROOSEVELT, collecting stories, jokes, anecdotes pro and con. Welcome contributions, correspondence, items. Box 24-G.

SATISFY THAT SPRING FISHING FEVER. Head for the woods and waters of Averill—Five home lakes, many streams. Excellent salmon, rainbow, brook and lake trout waters. Main Lodge, private cottages, pleasing service. Experienced likeable guides when desired. Illustrated folder. Amiable people. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

MAN, 32, fourteen years antique dealer in Massachusetts village, seeks completely new environment. Unattached, draft-deferred, probably permanently. Offers keen, well-cultivated mind and engaging personality. Can keep accounts; handle correspondence and detail; follow instructions intelligently and exactly. Fair typist. Impeccable character references. Suggest sec'y-companion to elderly or handicapped gentleman; assistance in literary or research work; or what have you? Box 45-G.

MOTHERS—The Hearthstone, Hayannis, Massachusetts, on beautiful Cape Cod offers your children, 5-10, a happy healthy, safe summer home. $25.00 weekly.

READJUSTMENT OF LIVING. If you are readjusting your living, and we all are, you should be interested in the room rates at the Hotel Algonquin where you may have a single room with bath as low as $3.00 a day, doubles at $5.00 a day. That's for transients. For those living permanently in New York we offer special arrangements for READJUSTMENT of LIVING. Hotel Algonquin, West 44th Street, near Fifth Avenue.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all" but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 40-AD.

REST OR PLAY at the foot of Monadnock Mountain. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company, every vacation diversion. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, SHATTUCK INN, Jaffrey, N. H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

EXPERIENCED LIBRARIAN, B.A. & B. L.S., desires new library position. Box 35-G.

SQUARE SHOOTING, but rather home-spun responsive gentleman, desires correspondence course in corner-polishing by young woman. Box 36-G.

FAIR EXCHANGE—Office space free; typewriter; for service as receptionist mornings, VAnderbilt 6-5027.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS, $1.50. DUPLICATED BOARD COMPANY, Syracuse, New York.

FINE OLD PIECES of that silver. Much of it. Thomas Bradbury, 1831. Box 974-E.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

YOUNG LADY TEACHER would correspond with sincere man. Answer all letters. Box 25-G.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—FOR SALE to the highest bidder, one college-trained brain labeled "cum laude." Beside being a paragon of intelligence in the fields of literature and history, this same twenty-five year old, female brain is able to wend its way through the intricacies of shorthand, typing and bookkeeping. Only buyers with unusual offers need bid for this brain. Same brain has a sense of humor, flair for adventure, strange countries and unusual people. Aforesaid brain also controls what has often been called a good microphone voice. This brain is not conceited about its ability, it is only using an unusual means to get unusual results. Box 26-G.

OFFERED: country life with young couple, one child. Box. 27-G.

SPRING FEVER VICTIM, still molting, seeks enlightenment. Anybody offer hope of recovery, stimulation? Box 28-G.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts if you enjoy the tranquility of a lovely 250 acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf-tennis-nature trails . . . at the door. For further details write, A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

WOULD YOUR DAUGHTER enjoy a summer on a real farm? My thirteen-year old needs companionship and I need $20 a week. Music lessons included. Also—**TO RENT** . . . Modern stone cottage in country seclusion should please one who wants to be free from intrusion. Box 17-G.

MARGARET—Will you or your sister, who live or once lived in Baltimore, who studied child psychology at Johns Hopkins, who visited Italy summer 1937, including Pension Chiusarelli at Siena, please communicate Box 18-G.

GENTLEMAN tired of city life, seeks light duties on farm or country place; not servant type; highest references. Write details. Box 29-G.

A HAVEN IN THE HILLS, oldtime homestead beside a brook. Easygoing comfort, congenial guests, abundant homegrown meals. Two hours from town. The Farm on the Hill, Box 218, Stone Ridge, New York.

PERSONALS

YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN wishes clerical position mountain resort hotel. Box 31-G.

"HE HATH NO LEISURE who useth it not." . . . Standing too long by that grindstone? Break away now—take time for a seaside tonic! Sun and salt air and the world's largest resort hotel will put you on top of the world! Congenial people. Distinguished environment. Fine food and plenty of it. Good books in a delightful library. Sports aplenty. And old-fashioned courtesy! Amiable people. Write for color folder to Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Atlantic City.

VERSATILE travelled college English-French major desires interesting summer position. What will you offer? Box 46-G.

YOUNG MAN of varied interests welcomes female correspondents. Box 47-G.

WANTED—Room for myself and space for my books, lower Manhattan, or Brooklyn Heights. Young woman. MAin 4-5348.

GENTLEMAN, travelled, well-read, desires correspondence with young lady having literary ability, vigor for life, good mind. Box 48-G.

VACATION PROBLEM SOLVED. The solution we suggest is a family camp where you can exchange part-time work in fields and living quarters for a portion of your expenses. Special arrangements can be made to tutor children who accompany parents. Write Rectory School, Pomfret, Connecticut.

SALE OR RENT; If you have the imaginative qualities of the Romanticist yet have been fondled in the contemporary air-conditioned cradle of modernity, here is your home. A miniature stone castle built by an artist in 1931. Perched atop a lordly knoll, surrounded by 113 acres of woodland; waterfall; trout stream; pond; pasture valley; magnificent mountain view. Five minutes from the second largest city in Vermont. Ten rooms; 3 baths; large Studio; work shop; photographic room; Terrace pool; produce garden. First arrival with $18,000 gets in. Will rent for summer season for $400.00. Communicate directly with with B. B. Mead, Rutland, Vermont.

COULD SMALL RESORT HOTEL or Inn use, during August, some one with years of experience in managing Inn in a College town? Specially able in planning and buying food. Box 49-G.

FED UP GRADUATE NURSE would make fine cook or companion. References exchanged. Box 50-G.

MAY I VISIT-companion you? Read aloud, etc. 75c hourly. Special weekly rate. Box 51-G.

SHYISH HAPPY GIRL in awe of medicine, but invigorated by bookcase, phonograph, and paintbox—Please, is there some fortunate young man in whom science and humanism delicately hold hands who would write to her? Box 52-G.

WOULD TWO winsome wenches welcome interesting male correspondents? They would! Box 53-G.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY! Beverly Hills Book and Record Shop available. $15,000. Box 54-G.

BOYS' FARM VACATION: fishing, swimming, ornithology. Excellent food. Richard Craig. Warrensburg, Missouri.

YOUNG WOMAN has partaken of all the arts and retained a sense of humor. Therefore quit responsible position as Office Manager to California trade association because I was getting stir-crazy. Would like secretarial position with interesting person or detective work. Anywhere from Canada to Tierra del Fuego. P. S.: Best of references from previous position. Box 55-G.

A WRITER WHO SELLS HIS STUFF and who has a long and literate background of taste and discernment, seeks job as publisher's reader, editorial minute man. Gray above the ears as an experienced squirrel, but young enough for April and peanuts. Box 56-G.

COLLEGE LASS interested in music, boogie-woogie to Bach—books—spectator sports, especially racing, football—steak frys—fireside conversations—quiet farms—gracious living—England—LETTERS! Box 57-G.

PERSONALS

PROFESSOR'S quiet apartment—two bedrooms, kitchen, livingroom. 415 West 115, No. 52.

MUSIC WANTED FOR LIGHT LYRICS. Box 922-E.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for sex insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

ROCKWELL KENT designs. Samples 10c. Greenland Press, 711 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 23 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40th St., New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Government Bureaus, etc. Odd jobs, simple questions, complex investigations, ALL expertly handled. Lowest rates. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329, Washington, D. C.

I WILL TYPE YOUR MANUSCRIPT accurately and neatly for nominal sum. Box 19-G.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

MRS. W. K. MITCHELL of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., writing for a colony of fans, objects to W. T. Stace as too unfamiliar. They didn't learn about him until a week later in a book review. She wonders whether we are subsidized for the use of such books!

I know that an unfamiliar name makes a difficult acrostic, but the majority of our puzzlers like DC's difficult. Why, further, should you insist on doing one at a sitting? However, I honestly did expect that the *SRL* review of Mr. Stace's book would appear in the same number and thus be suggestive. It was delayed.

My choice of a new book is made invariably *after* its review and an examination of the volume in the library. In this case Mr. Stace's "Destiny of Western Man" was reviewed glowingly in the *New York Times Book Review* two weeks before my DC appeared. That article presented him as an English philosopher whose published works had led Princeton to invite him to their faculty. I myself introduce current books of note into our *SRL* puzzles as a welcome opportunity to meet new authors and get refreshing points of view. After all, literature is not static and the old is not necessarily the best.

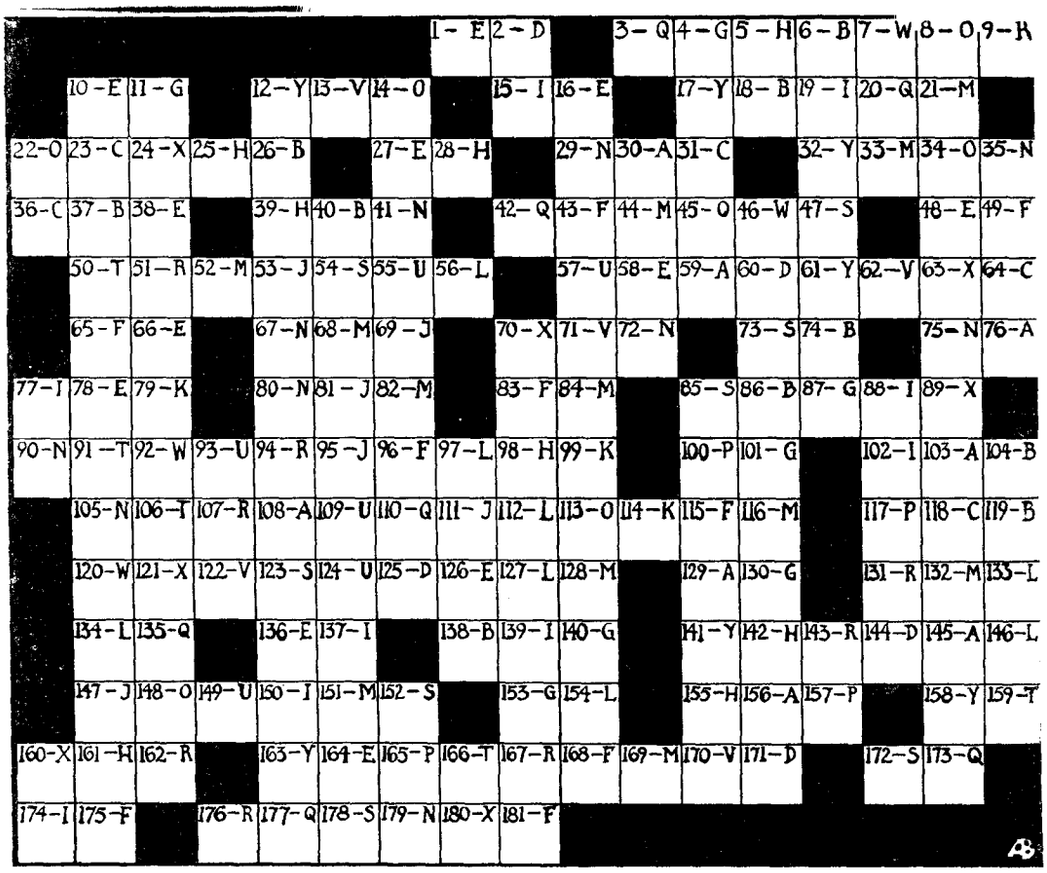
Only once, I recall, did a publisher know in advance that I was doing an Acrostic from one of his books. Two weeks before "Grapes of Wrath" appeared I chanced to learn of its coming publication date. What fun, I thought, to publish my puzzle from it on the same date! As Marshall Best of the Viking Press is a Double-Crostiker, he entered into the conspiracy, gave me a book, and the "scoop" was made!

In the case of Hugh Byas's "The Japanese Enemy," not only did I think his little book meaty and provocative reading, but I wanted thus to take note of a brave newspaper correspondent. Further, I knew from Ambassador Joseph Grew that Hugh Byas had "found Double-Crostics life-savers in trying Tokyo nights" back in 1940, and I thought he might like to find himself in the acrostic! I wonder where he is and whether that copy of the *SRL* reached him?

This jolly little rhyme comes from Ethel Parrish, Devon, Penn.:

Aside from cheating
Its more fun
To get a puzzle on the run,
And guess the meaning
Of a square
When definitions breed despair.
Up blind alleys,
Down again,
There's nothing like your triumph when
You've wrung from
Each reluctant square
Its secret and its meaning fair!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 424

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Title of a book on the mythology and history of the Quiches.	108 129 59 30 76 145 156 103
B. To disinherit.	104 18 40 74 86 26 119 6 138 37
C. Russian hemp (var. sp.)	31 23 36 118 64
D. Peculiar first name of English architect (1573-1652).	125 2 144 171 60
E. World-creating.	78 66 38 164 27 58 10 1 16 48 136 126
F. That which strongly attracts.	168 49 43 115 83 65 175 181 96
G. To make subservient; to give in vassalage.	140 101 11 87 153 130 4
H. One who violated the prohibition enforcement.	25 98 155 28 5 161 142 39
I. American landscape painter (*Impressionist:* 1853-1902).	102 15 88 19 139 174 150 77 137
J. American dramatist (*They Knew What They Wanted:* 1891-1939).	53 81 147 111 69 95
K. Period immediately preceding some important event.	99 114 79
L. A small opening (anat.)	154 127 97 146 56 112 133 134
M. Book by Ruskin (1862).	68 33 151 84 82 44 169 128 21 132 116 52
N. A fool, simpleton.	72 179 80 90 29 35 75 67 41 105
O. Asmara is its capital.	45 14 113 22 8 34 148
P. A bank of a river beyond which the waters do not normally flow.	157 100 165 117
Q. Founder of the Kingdom of Parthia (B.C. 248 (?)).	3 110 173 42 177 20 135
R. At least (colloq.)	167 107 176 9 143 131 94 162 51
S. To exceed in value or weight.	54 172 178 73 47 123 85 152
T. Slipper, high back and front (man's).	106 91 50 166 159
U. To yield; furnish.	109 124 93 57 149 55
V. Cumulo-stratus (appellation of a *cloud*).	122 71 13 62 170
W. Country in S. W. Asia.	7 46 120 92
X. To extirpate.	180 160 63 121 70 24 89
Y. Boys who sell newspapers (colloq.)	141 32 12 158 163 17 61

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

High Toby Men

IN old England, the above term merely meant "Highwaymen." A highway was sometimes called a toby, which may possibly have been a corruption of toll-bar. However that may be, plenty of High Toby Men in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries haunted Epping Forest and Hounslow Heath. One of earliest began as a knight of the road and ended as Lord Chief Justice of England. This was the sixteenth century Sir John Popham. Once when sitting in judgment on one of his former cronies and inquiring about certain mutual old friends, "Oh," the rogue replied, "all the villains are hanged, My lord, except you and me!"

Highwaymen included the dashing Dick Turpin, and Claude Duval, the Frenchman, who bade a fine lady descend from her coach and dance a coranto with him upon the Heath. One story of particular American interest concerns a highwayman stopping a coach on the Heath in 1741. Seeing three small heads at its window, he demanded in surprise, "And who are these?" "The grandchildren of your king!" cried their frantic nurse. They were, indeed, the young family of Frederick, Prince of Wales—and one, then aged five, was destined to become George the Third of England! The highwayman doffed his plumed hat and bowed low—but robbed the coach nevertheless!

Romantic Young Landor

There is a charming footnote to one of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" which may not be so well remembered. The particular conversation is imagined between Leofric and Godiva. As a boy, Landor was present at one of the festivals or fairs held in honor of Lady Godiva, and the legend took a strong hold upon him. He wrote a poem on it while in school, "sitting, I remember, by the square pool at Rugby." He continues thus:

> When I shewed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. Both laughter and stanza are brought back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads;* so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me.

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer,
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!

Imagination and Fancy

In one of John Ruskin's papers he pays tribute to a book by Leigh Hunt which influenced us very strongly as a youth. It was called "Imagination and Fancy, or Selections from the English Poets, etc." Our father bought a copy in 1874, a copy of the fourth edition originally published in 1871. Leigh Hunt's preface dates 1844. Ruskin quotes liberally from Hunt's illustrations, in discussing the differences between Imagination and Fancy. He says that a writer with neither would, in describing for instance a woman's lip, use some wellworn epithet like rosy or delicate or lovely. A poet with fancy, like Sir John Suckling, could say in the "Ballad on a Wedding":

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

But the imagination wakes in Shelley when he uses the human lip in comprehensive imagery:

Lamp of life, thy lips are burning
Through the veil that seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds ere they divide them.

Perhaps in over-simplification, yet interestingly, Ruskin pronounces the difference between the fancy and the imagination to be that "The fancy sees the outside, and is able to give a portrait of the outside, clear, brilliant, and full of detail. The imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but it is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted, in its giving of outer detail." He quotes a brilliant instance of Fancy from "Macbeth," with respect to the word "banner":

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

He says, "The outward shiver and coldness of fear is seized on, and irregularly but admirably attributed by the Fancy to the drift of the banners. Compare Solomon's song, where the imagination stays not at the outside, but dwells on the fearful emotion itself:

> Who is she that looketh forth as the morning; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

China's great war novel

VILLAGE IN AUGUST

is a sensation in America!

By the soldier novelist T'IEN CHÜN

Introduction by EDGAR SNOW

VILLAGE IN AUGUST is the first contemporary novel ever translated into English. . . . It is the story of a guerrilla band, men and women both, fighting against the Japs, written by a man who fought and bled as one of them.

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Unquenchable courage shines in this story of simple farmers turned warriors . . . of men and women who remain human even when they must be ruthless."

LEWIS GANNETT: "In its desperate simplicity it is deeply moving; this, you realize is how the Chinese resistance grew."

EDGAR SNOW: "It presents with strong integrity and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy the people of China to whom we owe so much. . . . It has won a place in the company of *Les Miserables* and *Don Quixote*."

BALTIMORE SUN: "It is an earthy, lusty story, even crudely put together, but forceful in its sincerity and honesty."

BOSTON HERALD: "There is a sincerity and naturalness, a knowledge and a simple power to this book which carries the conviction of truth."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: "It has an impact all its own. . . . Not merely a tale of men at war, but a record of men and women who live close to the elements and always in terms of extremes—great hungers, great appetites, sudden death."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "It's like a rushing torrent. . . . Filled with startling stories. . . . Reveals the greatness of the fighting human soul. . . . Wonderfully translated"

NEW YORKER: "Sharp, passionate, convincing. . . . An impressive piece."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS: "Here are people as real, as various, as dramatic in their contacts with new ideas as the famous group in *All Quiet on the Western Front*."

2ND BIG PRINTING, $2.50

Smith & Durrell, Inc., 25 W. 45 St., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED